THE BYSTANDER
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MAY 25, 1927

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The BYSTANDER

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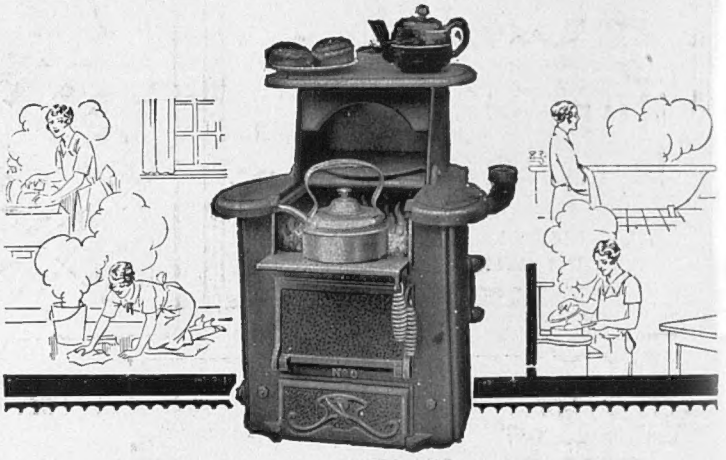

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The BYSTANDER

"COME ON, STEVE!"

S. Donoghue, in the Embargo colours, worthily leads Mr. Gilbert Holiday's new series of "Famous Jockeys" Rider of six winners of the Derby, the popular jockey has shown this season that he is as brilliant as ever he was

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THE WEDDING OF THE MONTH *Speaight*

The group taken after the wedding of Mr. Edward Rice and Miss Marcella Duggan, the only daughter of the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston. The photograph shows, in addition to the bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids, Lady Diana Bridgeman, Lady Catherine Willoughby, Miss Rosalie Willoughby, the Hon. Esmé Glyn, the Hon. Betty Grosvenor and Miss Cynthia Burns, the pages, John Godley, John Warrender, the Hon. Michael Cecil and Nicholas Mosley, and the best man, Mr. Patrick Rice

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The French President

PERSONALITY is as mysterious as wireless. You can't for the life of you tell how either of them "get there." But there's not an instant of doubt when they do.

President Doumergue "got there" the moment the Royal carriage started from Victoria. He was so obviously pleased and delighted by the heartiness of his reception by the huge crowd gathered to see his arrival that the crowd was immensely pleased to see how pleased he was — and it cheered all the louder.

There's a vast deal in a smile. And President Doumergue has a particularly winning smile, a smile that no one could possess if they hadn't a sense of humour, and a kindly, understanding temperament. Other heads of States have come to us on visits, but very few have received the welcome he did during that short drive from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace. But the smile began it.

President Doumergue is a native of Provence, one of the most historically interesting regions of France, and where traditions of the old knightly courtesy still linger from the days of chivalry when the Provençal Court was the example and mirror to mediæval knights of all countries. If ever you go to Provence you will understand what I mean by the tradition of old knightly courtesy. Most Provençals have inherited the tradition. President Doumergue has it in a marked degree.

AMONG THE GUESTS *Alfieri*

Lady Wodehouse and Lady Dalkeith photographed at the Rice-Duggan wedding. The marriage has been one of the outstanding events of the opening of the Season

OUTSIDE ST. MARGARET'S *I.B.*

Prince Paul of Serbia chatting with friends after the wedding of Mr. Rice and Miss Duggan. A feature of the ceremony was the playing of the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham

L.N.A.

ROYALTY AT THE WEDDING

King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria, who attended the wedding of Mr. Rice and Miss Duggan. The reception was held by Lady Curzon of Kedleston at 1, Carlton House Terrace

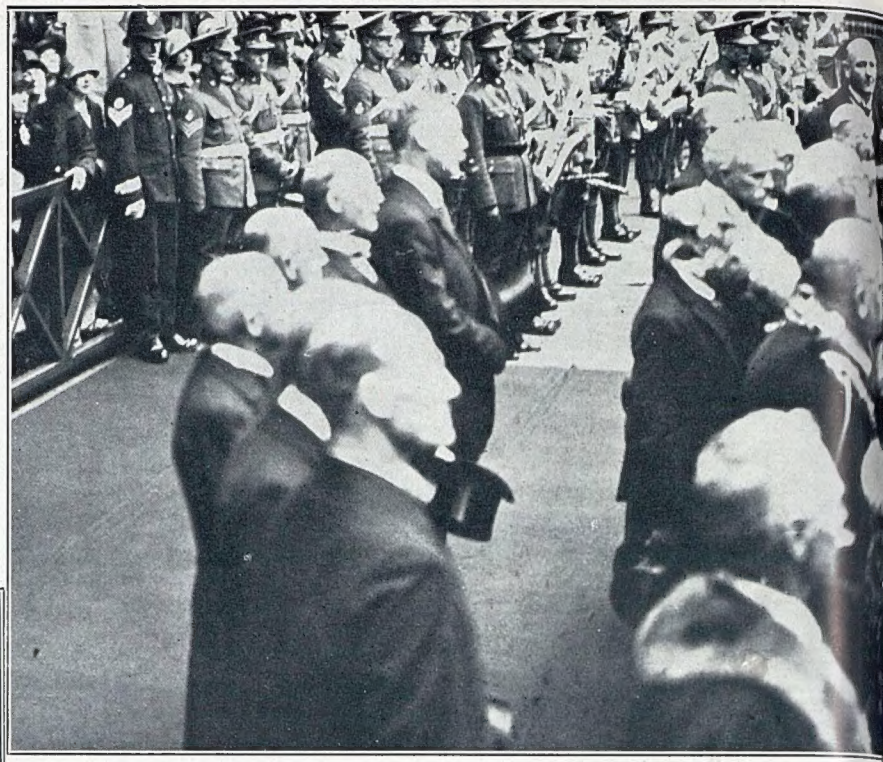
Dinners and Dining

THIS State visit gave a splendour to the opening of the Season. First, there was the State banquet at Buckingham Palace, at which all the members of the Royal Family now in London were present with the exception of Princess

Louise Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Helena Victoria, and Princess Marie Louise. On the following evening the King and Queen dined with the President at the French Embassy in Albert Gate. And for that dinner, I hear, something like three tons of *objets d'art,* tapestries, china, and *argenterie* were brought over from Paris, treasures of the French Republic, which were sent specially in honour of the King and Queen.

The third day the President was entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor, and in the evening dined at the Foreign Office. The latter function, unless my memory plays me false, is a happy innovation in the programme of State visits. At any rate the white and gold dinner service used for Government entertaining at Lancaster House, and also wine from the Lancaster House cellars, were sent across to Whitehall.

The King's speech, in most excellent French, at the State banquet at Buckingham Palace, I am told, made a deep impression. My informant, who was there, said, "It puts into words what every sensible person in the country thinks."



Photopress

A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE

Mr. James H. Rutland and his fiancée, the Hon. Marian Stanley, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Ashfield. They are to be married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on June 9

Wedding Gifts

No young couple in my time ever had a more comprehensive or more handsome gift of silver than Mr. Rice and the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston's daughter by her first marriage, Miss Marcella Duggan. This gift came from the bridegroom's father, and ranged from silver saltspoons to silver candelabra and silver bedroom candlesticks, not to speak of several silver teapots and a whole *batterie* of other silver objects of usefulness. There are comparatively few families nowadays which still possess this quantity of silver.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston has a genius for what one may call stage-managing a great wedding. You will remember the brilliant and effective arrangements in the same house—No. 1, Carlton House Terrace—for the wedding of her step-daughter, Lady Cynthia Mosley, to Mr. Oswald Mosley, at which the King and Queen were present. But the arrangements for the Rice-Duggan wedding were on even a more elaborate scale. So large was the number of guests that a big marquee was put up not only across the width of No. 1, Carlton House Terrace, but likewise across the back of its next-door neighbour, No. 2, the house of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe.

The luncheon at the Guildhall to the President of the French Republic prevented a good many official folk attending the ceremony at St. Margaret's, but they all went on to Carlton House Terrace, where the big drawing-room on the first floor was *choc-à-bloc* with presents. The diamonds and rubies given by the bride's mother and the diamonds given by the bridegroom were superb.

Rich Men and Tradesmen

A RECENT case in the Courts in which a rich man sued successfully a tradesman for overcharges for goods is not, I am afraid, an isolated instance. In this case the judge said that unless there had been collusion between the rich man's agent and the tradesman he would have had no claim. The law apparently is, that if you pay what you are charged, no matter how extortionate that charge is afterwards discovered to be, you have no redress.

The case recalls to my mind a story I heard a few years ago. A well-known nobleman bought a house in the country. Having a strong opinion that it is the duty of landowners to support village tradespeople, he directed his secretary to write to the local grocer for a price-list.

On examination and comparison

Marion Lewis

THE HON. URSULA DAWSON

The second daughter of Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn. Her engagement to Mr. Ian Bowater was recently announced

Lafayette

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Millicent Hope Hawkins, only daughter of Sir Anthony and Lady Hope Hawkins, whose engagement to Mr. James E. Minoprio has recently been announced

G.P.U.

THE FIRST CEREMONY

M. Gaston Doumergue, the President of the French Republic, listening to an address of welcome from the Mayor of Dover on his arrival in England. Included in the group standing behind him are the Prince of Wales (right), M. Briand, Earl Haig and the French Ambassador

this list was 50 per cent., 75 per cent., and even 150 per cent. higher than the prices of any London store. Acting on instructions, the next time the secretary went down to the house he called at the village grocer's. After pointing out the enormous difference in charges, he asked for an explanation.

"Well," said the grocer, "you must expect to pay for the title."

The idea rooted in some village minds that if you have a title you can pay higher prices than other people has its counterpart amongst some hotel-keepers on the Continent. A friend of mine whose depth of purse is miserably disproportionate to her length of lineage never writes to engage rooms in her own name at hotels when she is going abroad. She writes as Miss So-and-So instead of Lady So-and-So. She has literally been driven to do this because if she uses her title she finds that the prices charged are sometimes nearly double those charged when she styles herself Miss.

Sport and General

AT VICTORIA

M. Doumergue acknowledging the cheers of the crowd on his drive with His Majesty to Buckingham Palace. Londoners turned out in force to greet the President

IN THE CITY

Central News

The Lord Mayor, Sir Rowland Blades, and M. Doumergue on the steps of the Guildhall, where the French President was presented with an address of welcome and entertained to luncheon. Prince Arthur of Connaught (left), the French Ambassador, Prince Henry and M. Briand are also seen in the above group

Bertram Park

TO BE PRESENTED

Mrs. Richard Staples-Browne, who was presented at the First Court by Lady Rathcreedan. She is the wife of Mr. Richard Staples-Browne, of Butlers Court, Alvescot, Oxfordshire

Photographs

THE HON. MARIE ACTON

Who is to be presented this Season. She is the sister of the 3rd Baron Acton and eldest daughter of the late Lord Acton, who died in 1924

Vandyk

THE HON. PELLINE ACTON

Who is being presented, with her sister, the Hon. Marie Acton, at Court this year. She is the second daughter of the late Lord Acton and has six sisters

A Sliding Scale

AND there is no manner of doubt that both the titled and people who are known to be rich are charged higher prices in some places. Not so very long ago a man who is reputed to be a millionaire was staying at an hotel in a Southern watering-place. Before going to bed he ordered a whisky and soda in the smoking-room. He put a ten-shilling note on the waiter's tray. He received five shillings change!

Protesting, he was told that this was the hotel charge.

"Oh! is it?" he said. "Then I'm going to another hotel."

He went straight off to the office, asked for his bill, paid it, routed out his valet to pack, and after some very direct and winged words to the manager departed.

The manager vowed that the price had been "put on" by the waiter, and that he should be dismissed. Whether the manager was telling the truth or not, the fact remains that either the hotel or the waiter thought this man was "fair game," because of his wealth. Not pretty! But this attitude of mind is far more general than you and I realise.

And here is a case in your Bystander's own experience. Before the War he lived some miles from a country town. One day whilst walking through the High Street of that town he saw a brass bowl in a shop window, and enquired its price. Twelve shillings. As I had gone in by train and had a mile and a half walk at the other end it was difficult to take the bowl then, so I said I would come again. Two days later I went over in the car. I was then asked twenty-five shillings for that brass bowl!

That tells its own story, doesn't it?

Is this So?

HERE's a momentous question. Is the end of shingling in sight?

I ask you, my good people, because at a party the other night fourteen out of sixteen *débutante* girls were unshingled. Their hair at the back, I will admit, was on the skimpy side, but still it *was* hair, deftly turned under.

Your Bystander said to one girl, whom he knew in her cradle, "Hello, what's happened to your shingle? It seems to have disappeared."

"We're all growing our hair now," was the prompt answer. "It's such a bore looking exactly like one's own mother!"

So there! That's that!

Mayfair

IT is a long time since I have read anything of such fascinating interest as *Mayfair*, a superbly produced brochure by H. V. Morton, published by the Marshal-

A WEDDING IN HONG KONG *Central News*

A photograph of the wedding group after the marriage between Capt. P. C. Perfect, K.O.S.B. (A.D.C. to H.E. The Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Cecil Clementi), and Miss Helen A. Hog, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hog, of Edinburgh. The wedding took place at St. John's Cathedral, Hong Kong, and the group also contains H.E. The Governor and Lady Clementi, Lt.-Col. L. J. Comyn and the Master of Napier

Photographs

MISS EILEEN NOAD

Who is to be presented by her mother, Mrs. Thomas Noad, at the Second Court to-day, May 25

L.E.A.

MISS KATHLEEN NOAD

Who, with her sister, is being presented by her mother, Mrs. Thomas Noad, at the Second Court

Vyonne Gregory

sea Press. Sydney Smith said of the Mayfair of his time that it "enclosed more intelligence and ability, to say nothing of wealth and beauty, than the world had ever collected into one place before." Mr. Morton takes us right back to the beginning of this aristocratic region, when James II gave the royal sanction for a fair being held on the first day of May, "and to continue fourteen days after, yearly, for ever," on a piece of waste ground to the north of Piccadilly, known as Brookfield. At that time Old Bond Street, so called after Sir Thomas Bond, Comptroller to Queen Henrietta Maria, who laid it out, Dover Street, and Berkeley Street were the only buildings in Piccadilly. But gradually streets and squares of fine houses sprang up all round Brookfield, a name that speedily disappeared, the annual fair giving its name to the whole quarter. Most of these streets and squares were built in the latter part of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth. John Evelyn, the diarist, for example, helped to lay out Berkeley Square in 1684, on the gardens of old Berkeley House, which was afterwards Devonshire House.

Mr. Morton tells us one very interesting fact. The London Season came into existence early in the eighteenth century with the growth of Mayfair into a fashionable residential quarter, and in Georgian times it lasted from December until the end of May.

To-day, in the very heart of one of the most aristocratic quarters of any capital in Europe, and built upon what was formerly the gardens of one of its most socially historic mansions, Devonshire House, we have a modern inheritor of the old traditions of Mayfair in the May Fair Hotel, a description of which fittingly ends the brochure. And there is every appearance that the May Fair Hotel will carry on those old traditions. The reproductions of old prints, which are lavishly used for illustration, and the illustrations of the hotel are triumphs in colour-printing.

The President at the Institut Francais

PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE'S visit to the Institut Français in the Cromwell Road, after the luncheon at the Guildhall, was a delightfully informal affair. First, Lord Askwith made a speech in English, briefly setting forth the splendid work done by the Institut—"this little corner of France in England"—in strengthening the good relations between the two countries.

Then the French Ambassador, M. de Fleuriau, spoke of his knowledge of the Institut from the time when he was Councillor of Embassy under M. Cambon. This led up to a speech from the President, who began by saying he knew all about the Institut, because he was Minister for Education when the plan was first mooted, and knew also what help had been given by the Universities of Paris and of Lille.

It was the kindliest, friendliest speech, and given in a French of which every syllable was clear and distinct—the French of an older day. Your modern, up-to-date Frenchmen and Frenchwomen slur their syllables just as badly as most of us moderns slur our English. The President told his hearers that he had been *profondement ému* by his reception in London and at Oxford.

As I said at the beginning of these pages, President Doumergue has a most attractive smile It beamed upon the crowded room at the Institut Français, and delighted the English just as much as it did the French.

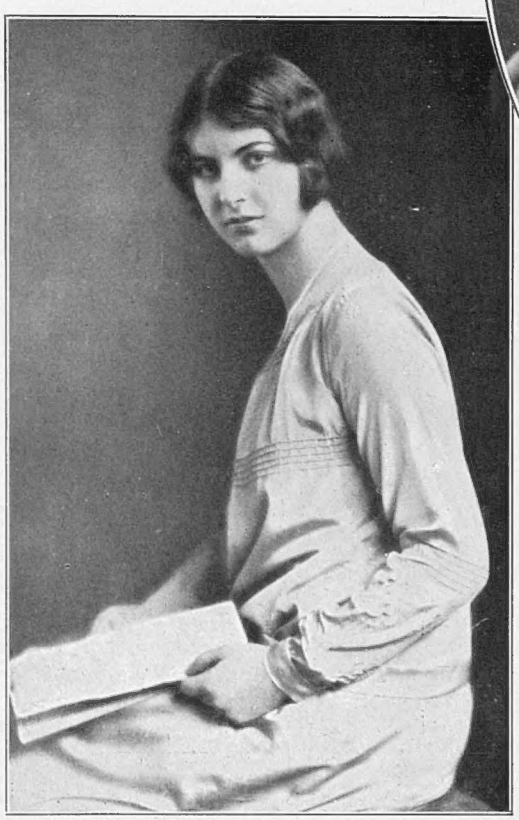
TO BE PRESENTED IN JUNE

Mrs. Trevor Thornton-Berry, who is to be presented at the June Court by Lady Peirse. Her husband is a Member of the Inner Temple

Bassano

MRS. GRAHAM LITTLE

Who will be presented at Their Majesties' Second Court. She is the wife of Dr. E. Graham Little, [illegible], the Member for the University of London



MISS ELIZABETH SUTTON *Lafayette*

The youngest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Sutton, who will be presented at Court this Season. Her mother is giving a dance for her on July 7 at the Lieutenant-Governor's House, Royal Hospital, Chelsea

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

My Own Hotel

I HAVE written these comments under a variety of conditions. On one historic occasion the Carlton Hotel at Cannes was handed over to me for the purpose. All that spacious magnificence was a trifle disarming.

The Long Trek

ON another morning I found myself sitting on a gate in the most remote corner of one of England's remotest counties. I had just lost the train that would have started me on the long trek to town, and there wasn't another for hours and hours. And the printer was waiting. I fancy the scent of wild thyme and dog-rose must have crept into the page that week, for my letter-bag beat all records.

What *is* a Gazebo?

TO-DAY, on this Sunday morning, I am sitting on a garden seat in a gazebo. What is a gazebo? Not, as you might suppose, the first cousin to a gazeka, the mythical animal invented by George Graves for the purpose of introducing an element of humour into a musical comedy. A gazebo dates, I believe, from Stuart or even Elizabethan times, and you reach it by steps, the same as you reach the back of a Zoo elephant.

A Little House of Stone

SOME day those general knowledge questionnaires may include the problem "What is a gazebo?" so I will let you into the secret. It is a little house of stone built in two storeys and set at the bottom of a drive, rather as a lodge is placed at the gates of a modern mansion. It has a fireplace, and was used by intending travellers waiting for the London coach. To-day it is used as a summer-house set in a shrubbery on a remote and quiet stretch of the Great West Road.

That Mystery House

WE must all support the authorities in their difficult job of keeping an eye on dangerous Communistic activities, but let us retain our sense of humour the while. Describing the headquarters of Arcos, Ltd., as a "mystery house," a writer in a Sunday paper said: "An elaborate system of house telephones has been installed, and the moment the visitor left the inquiry office a messenger was waiting to take him from one floor to another, and from room to room. He was never allowed to be alone for a moment."

Much the Same

CURIOUSLY enough, I had occasion to visit the fine offices of that Sunday paper. An elaborate system of house telephones has been installed, and the moment I left the inquiry office a messenger was waiting to take me from one floor to another and from room to room. I was never allowed to be alone for a moment. But I shouldn't describe it as a mystery house.

One Point of View

MY comments on Charles Cochran's original decision to exclude the Press from the first night of his new revue, which he has since rescinded, has brought me a great deal of criticism

on my own account. Some correspondents agree that the first night audience never sees a show in its normal state. Actors are nervous, scenery is apt to misbehave, and the audience is *blasé* to a degree. A week later the players are doing themselves justice, the rough corners have been polished, and the audience is frankly out to be amused.

—And Another!

BUT here is another point of view! According to a very well-known first-nighter, the performers are apt to give of their best on an opening performance. Being keyed-up with excitement, they will sometimes put over a *tour de force* which they are incapable of repeating in colder blood. And many of them start to act the fool when their personal friends are not in front. I know glaring examples of this, and many promising plays and promising careers have died in consequence.

Pity the Millionaire

IS it right and proper that there should be one charge for the rich and another for the poor? The point was raised in Mr. S. B. Joel's recent action, and is an intriguing one. Certainly you may purchase for pennies in the Strand an article that may cost you shillings in Regent Street, but can you say that the company and surroundings in which the transaction takes place do not compensate you for the additional outlay? The real point at issue is whether the millionaire is fair game for the profiteer, and I hazard a guess that the millionaire does not subscribe to the theory. If he did, he might not be a millionaire!

The Labour Exodus

THE exodus of the Labour Party from the House of Commons and its subsequent return recalled the story of the general who marched his men up a hill and then marched them down again—no particular benefits having accrued meanwhile. Judged by results, it was a rather silly gesture—so easy and yet so futile. I can understand a section of a party creating something of a sensation by a well-timed withdrawal, but the retreat of an entire army can never be a very heroic business—particularly when they merely secure a night off.

They Always Come Back

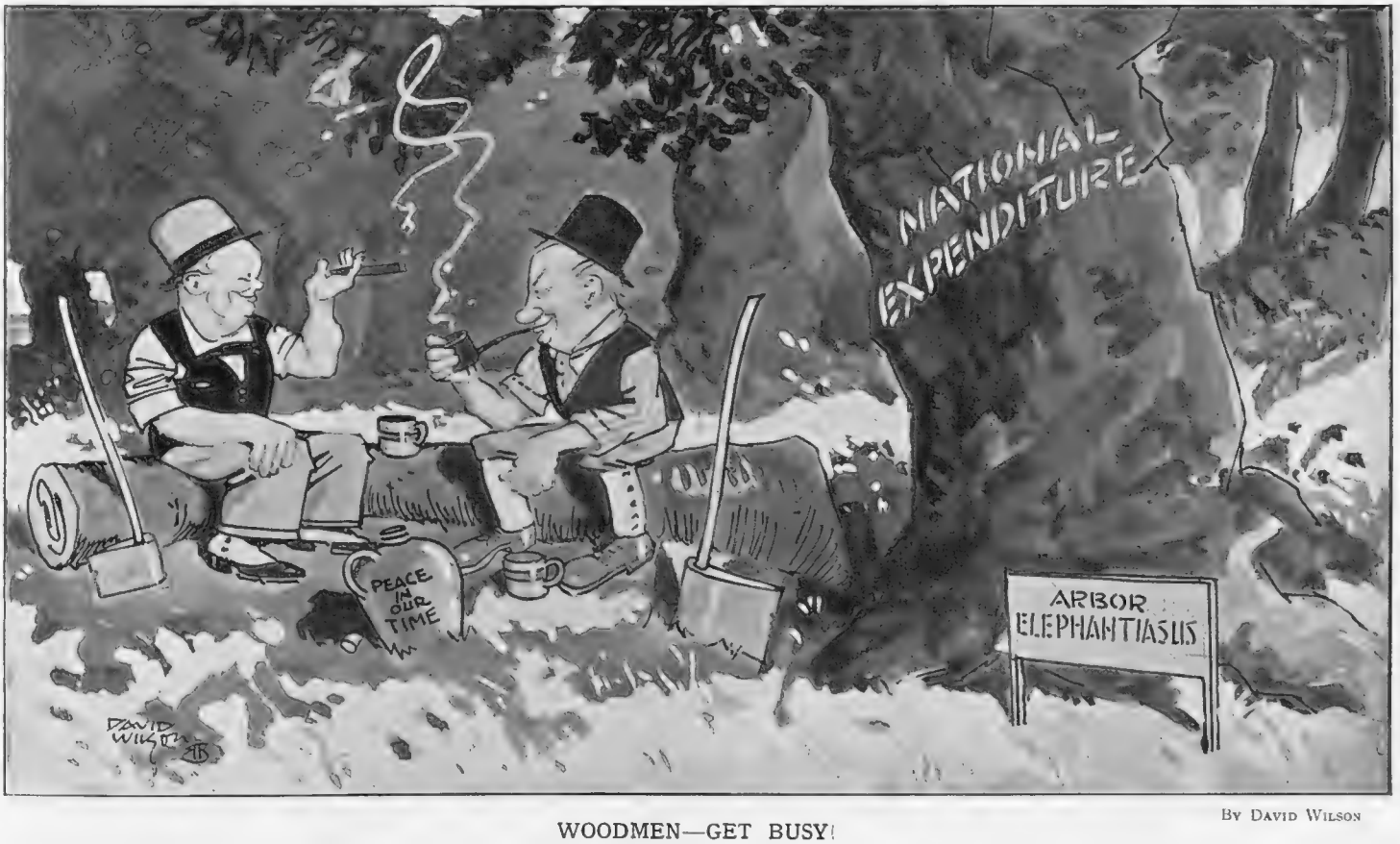
IF those demonstrators had thought for a moment they would have realised that they were doing what the temperamental actress does when, in a fit of pique, she throws down her part. Such an action still causes something of a stir at a dress rehearsal, but the return of the actress—for she usually does return—is always an awkward and difficult moment. I have known one or two who could carry it off without much loss of prestige, but you could count their names on the big toes of two feet.

Beginners, Please!

THE call-boy at the Garrick Theatre who acted promptly when a fire was discovered in one of the dressing-rooms is a member of one of the most interesting and yet little known of the professions. The stage-door keeper is a public character, and the dressers of famous stars are also characters in their way, but the call-boy is chained to his corridors, and ceases to function when the time comes for the playgoers to visit their favourites after the fall of the curtain. And it is not, as you might suppose, a blind-alley profession. All sorts of well-known people started by saying, "Beginners, please!"

She Cometh Not!

TALKING of the people who are found behind the scenes reminds me of an amusing incident that happened in Shaftesbury Avenue last week. Acting on the instructions of a young actress, the stage-door keeper had sent an unwelcome admirer to the right-about. He was walking disconsolately towards Piccadilly Circus when a small boy ran up to him, saying: "The young lady will meet you at the Berkeley at seven o'clock." Such good news deserved and received instant reward, and, so far as I know, the young man is still waiting for a young lady who had no knowledge of the appointment.

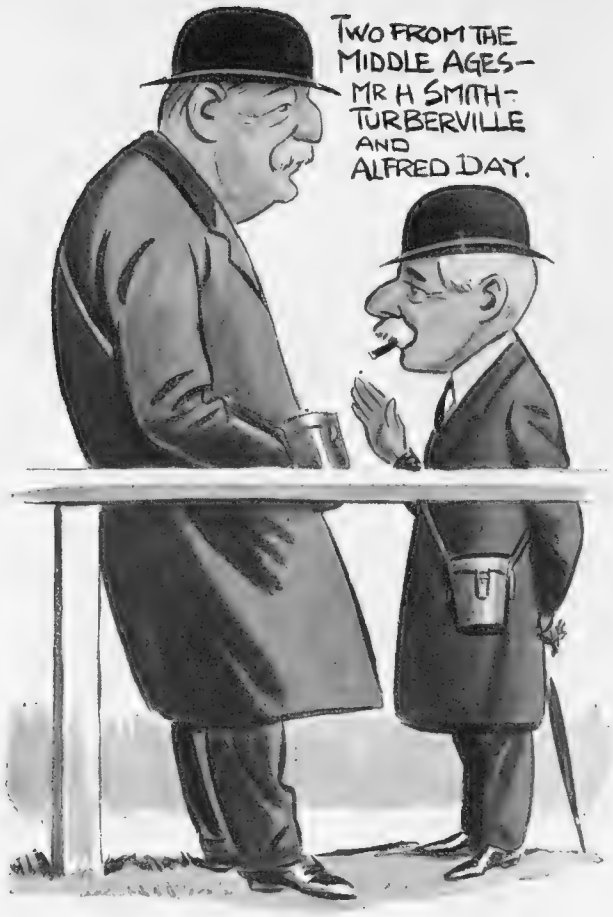


WOODMEN—GET BUSY!

By David Wilson

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE" *Sketches by "THE TOUT"*



Will Sickle Improve?

THEY are relying on the fact that Sickle was not fully wound up in the first of the classic races. You may rest assured that he would not have started at 10 to 1 in that event if his trainer had been perfectly satisfied with his condition. I shall be greatly surprised if Lord Derby's colt is kept out of the first three next week. We must, of course, take his staying powers on trust, for he has never covered more than a mile in public. The fact remains that he was running on very stoutly in the Guineas, and his admirers believe that the longer journey at Epsom will be in his favour. There is a sound chance that the Stanley House stable will bring off the big double with Sickle and Beam.

Adam's Apple

ADAM'S APPLE has been under dental treatment since the Two Thousand, and is believed to be all the better for the loss of a couple of molars. If you go on the latest public form you simply cannot leave Mr. Sofer Whitburn's colt out of the reckoning. But it is an undoubted fact that he makes a slight noise. In a classic race I am very much averse to taking a colt on my side who is known not to be clean-winded. Great interest was naturally aroused by the appearance of Hot Night at York last week. The fact that Chantrey was a much better favourite than Sir Victor Sassoon's colt is a clear indication of the formidable nature of the latter's task. It needed an exceptionally high-class performer to give 18 lb. to the Manton colt that day, and I think we must give Hot Night full credit for having put up a meritorious achievement.

The Derby

I DO not propose to bind myself down to a definite selection for the Derby until next week, but it may be as well in these notes to run through the prospects of some of the most likely candidates. The racing world is pretty well divided at the moment between Call Boy and Sickle. You do not find many partisans of Adam's Apple, and though Hot Night is meeting with plenty of support each way, his backers are by no means convinced that he will stay the course. So far as we can tell at present the Derby looks like being a four-horse race. It is just possible our calculations will be completely upset and the winner be one of the unconsidered outsiders. Personally, I find it difficult to conceive any real reason why the long-priced division should include a colt capable of beating the favourites.

Difficult to Choose

UP to the time of writing, the preparation of Call Boy and Sickle has gone on without mishap, and I sincerely hope we shall be spared one of those eleventh-hour sensations which occasionally crop up in connection with big races. I find it exceedingly hard to make a choice between the two favourites. If you go strictly on their form in the Middle Park Stakes you will have to choose Sickle, but do not forget that Call Boy lost a great deal of ground at the start of that race through no fault of his own. In these circumstances, his performance was much better than it looked to be on paper.

Call Boy's Peculiarities

CERTAIN peculiarities shown by Mr. Frank Curzon's colt are causing many good judges to take Sickle in preference to him. For example, Call Boy does not appear to be at all an ideal colt to ride. At one time he appears to be fighting for his head, and when he has got in front he appears to be disinclined to do anything more. Fortunately for his backers, he has a jockey who understands his funny little ways, but it is quite certain that Call Boy will have to be on his best behaviour if he is to win the Derby. An interesting question is how far Sickle has improved since he was beaten into third place in the Guineas. Are those associated with the Stanley House stable justified in their belief that he will reverse the placings with Adam's Apple and Call Boy?

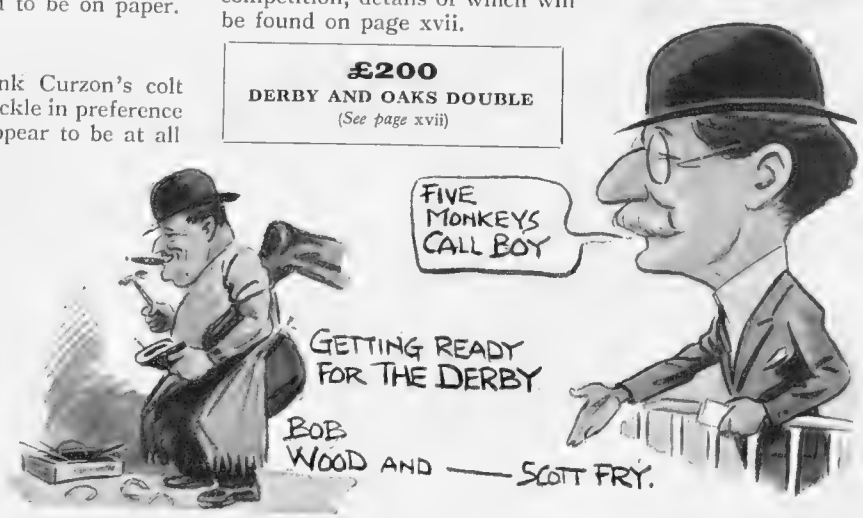
A French Colt

I HOPE it will be possible to send over the French colt Mon Talisman for the race. There is some doubt about it at the time of writing. If he happens to win his third race in France, we may be sure that a good deal of money from the other side of the Channel will be invested on him at Epsom. The week-end meeting is at Lingfield, where the Cosmopolitan Cup will be an attraction on Friday. I am prepared to see it won by **Dark Hillock,** who rendered such a good account of himself in the Chester Cup.

A Reminder

THE Derby is close upon us now. So close, in fact, that with this week's number of THE BYSTANDER goes your last chance to enter for our £200 Derby and Oaks Double. There is no entrance fee for this simple competition, details of which will be found on page xvii.

£200
DERBY AND OAKS DOUBLE
(*See page* xvii)



The Day of the Horse at Oxford

News Illus.

MISS M. A. BULLOWS CLEARING THE WATER JUMP ON IF NOT

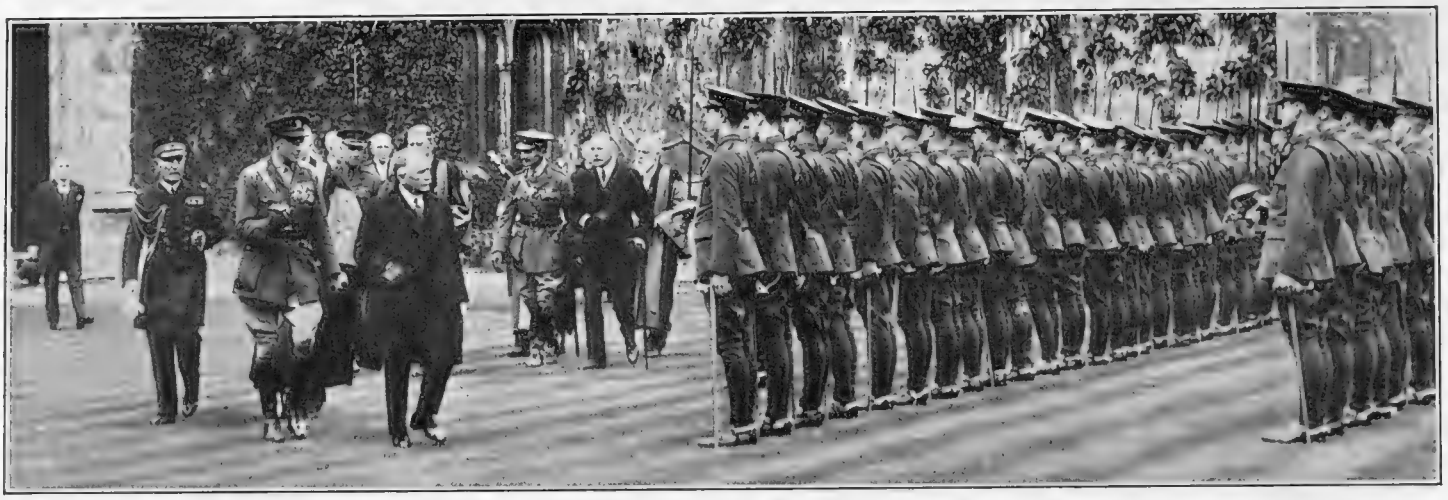
News Illus.

MISS STELLA PIERCE ON STARLIGHT TAKING A STIFF GATE

G.P.U.

MISS MARY and MISS JANE MAITLAND WITH A "FRIEND"

Some of the competitors at the Oxfordshire Agricultural Show, which attracted a great number of entrants. It was recently held at Oxford and there was some good jumping under delightful conditions of weather



ON PARADE AT OXFORD *Pathé Pictures*

M. Doumergue, the President of the French Republic, inspecting the Oxford University O.T.C. during his recent visit. The inspection took place at All Souls College

VARSITY NOTES

OXFORD

SOME men are known to fish for fish; the President of the Union fishes for men. His haul quite recently was a big one, and included four American orators, among them being Don Victor Haya de la Torre, leader of the Anti-Imperialist movement of Latin America. There was an eager audience assembled to applaud the President's catch.

The O.U.D.S. has made up its mind to produce *The Tempest* during Commem. week in the grounds of Worcester College. The club is in the habit of providing such a sandwich between the dinners and dances which visitors to Oxford enjoy at that time of the year; and Mr. Reginald Denham, who once produced *Peer Gynt* for the society, will supervise this year's preparation of Gentleman's Relish. It has also been decided to offer the part of Miranda to an undergraduette instead of to one of the professional actresses who are in a position to take a holiday at this time of year. The undergraduette will be selected from the number of those who read at a series of three auditions which began last Wednesday. The ladies will be audited by the committee of the club, and if none is found correct the part will be, as the club manifesto puts it, allotted elsewhere.

The opening of the new tennis courts along the Iffley Road took place recently, and among the great men and women who appeared on this occasion were M. Brugnon, Mr. Godfree, Mrs. Godfree, Miss Nuthall, Miss Fry, and Mrs. Lambert Chambers. To go now and do likewise will assuredly be the wish of all who witnessed their display, and the O.U.L.T.C.'s recent match against Staffordshire has enabled us to estimate the profit which we derived. The principal cricket matches of the week have been between colleges, and the University played Leicestershire in the parks.

The President of the French Republic, M. Doumergue, has accomplished his visit to Oxford, and thus written a chapter of University history in his free and flowing hand. He was received by the Vice-Chancellor, and lunch was prepared for him in All Souls, after which, and not in consequence of which, a degree was conferred upon him in the Sheldonian Theatre. With a lunch and a degree he then returned to London. M. Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain were among those who witnessed the spectacle, and all were agreed as to the success which attended the proceedings.

The O.U. Swimming Club recently took the water against Avondale. The water taken was that of the Merton Street Swimming Baths. The rest of the University are more in the habit of taking it at Parsons' Pleasure, though why parsons are imagined to have a monopoly of that reach of the Cherwell has always been a mystery. The Cherwell's namesake, the weekly undergraduate paper of that name, is proceeding merrily on its course, followed at a safe distance by the graver and more official *Isis*. A flood of ephemeral newspapers will descend upon us in Eights Week, for which event the college crews are preparing themselves with the energetic meekness which one expects from those devoted men.

JINGO

THIS CAMERA BUSINESS *Hills and Saunders*

Some of the players who took part in the exhibition matches arranged to mark the opening of the New Varsity Courts at Oxford emulate Mr. Britling and "see it through" when the photographer puts in an appearance. The courts are on the Iffley Road, be it noted

CAMBRIDGE

We are now, dear Bystanders, in the thick of it. Now is the time of the Tripos, which, if you read your Cambridge papers, you will know is from the Greek word "tripos," meaning "a tripos." And a melancholy business it is! As gentlemen should, we struggle manfully to conceal our ignorance, while the examiners (surely the lowest of God's creatures!) do their best to expose us. And the Examination School gets hotter and hotter, and the examinee gets wilder and wilder, and his hands get inkier and inkier, and his hair more and more tousled, until finally he bursts out into the pure air of Free School Lane, cursing the name of his Alma Mater and the Chairman of the Board of Examiners.

To think that we undergo all these tortures merely in order to read that J. Blank of St. Terence's College has been placed in the Third Class of the Natural History Tripos! And perhaps it may not be recorded that J. Blank has even satisfied his particularly unaccommodating examiners. In that case we shall go sadly away and spend the rest of our days fishing where so many good men have fished before us, in the gentle waters of the "Geography Special."

However, let's not be morbid about it. Let us talk of something else. The chief topic of interest at the moment is the recent match against the New Zealanders at Fenner's. T. C. Lowry, the New Zealand captain, will feel very much at home at Fenner's, for he is a former captain of the C.U.C.C. He is also, I think, the brother-in-law of another Cambridge cricket captain, A. P. F. Chapman.

The members of Lord Burghley's hurdle team have been gradually drifting back to Cambridge after their expedition to America. I saw Bowler in King's Parade recently, and I suppose that all the others have arrived by now. Their performance at the Pennsylvania meeting must have been extremely fine, for, in spite of an injury to Burghley, they managed to beat Yale in the final of the 480 yards hurdles relay.

Lord Burghley's athletic tours have already made him a very much travelled man. This is not the first time he has been to run in America, and he was a member of the Achilles team in Greece this Spring. As a matter of fact, he seems to have competed in athletic meetings all over Europe, and wherever you go, be it Lapland or Lithuania or Lower Bavaria, you will read, in the appropriate tongue, of "lord Burghley, le grand recordman Anglais." I had the fortune to be in Buda-Pest soon after Lord Burghley had become the idol of the local athletic fans, and the best thing they could find about me was that I came from Cambridge, "the place that Lord Burghley comes from."

You probably did not know, dear Bystanders, that we have started baseball in Cambridge. Our Babe Ruths started playing rather casually last year on the Town Football Ground, but this year they have got together quite a passable team, and have already beaten the team of London Americans which plays on Sundays at Stamford Bridge. A match has been arranged, and will doubtless take place, against Oxford on the 26th.

On being interviewed, the secretary said he was not authorised to make any definite statement, but he believed it improbable that Cambridge would enter for the World Series next year.

RAB

By Jock

GUY MORGAN

The Cambridge Rugger Blue preparing to sell mid on the "dummy." He made 56 in the Freshmen's Match

A WINNING PAIR *Stearn and Sons*

S. K. Tubbs, at bow, and R. J. Elles (stroke), putting their backs into it. In proof that their energy is not reserved solely for the benefit of the camera man, it may be mentioned that, on May 14 they won the Magdalene Pairs

THE NEW ZEALANDERS AT CAMBRIDGE *R. S. Crisp*

The combined New Zealand and University cricket teams which met at Cambridge last week. The photograph shows, back row: J. Mills (left), E. F. Longrigg, W. E. Merritt, R. S. Machin, E. L. Bernau, M. J. C. Allom, C. J. Oliver, T. C. Longfield, E. D. Blundell, and the New Zealanders' manager, Mr. T. D. B. Hay. Centre row: R. W. V. Robins (left), C. S. Dempster, F. J. Seabrook, T. C. Lowry, E. W. Dawson, K. C. James, R. G. H. Lowe, and H. M. McGirr. Front row: M. L. Page (left), E. T. Killick, A. K. Judd, R. H. Cobbold, J. T. Morgan, and R. C. Blunt

Hard Hitters at Hoylake

BY MAC

Some impressions of a few of the band of earnest golfers who have spent arduous hours on the Hoylake course to decide the question of the Amateur Golf Championship. Jesse Sweetser, who carried off the Championship for America last year, has decided not to defend his title

NEW SERIES

NOCTURNES

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. II.

PAUSES IN PLAIN CLOTHES

"Brave ghosts still stroll past that band as we eat, ten years after their superb exits"

You know how it is sometimes. The feminine voice purrs along the telephone line.

"Oh, don't let's change. I don't want to be terribly late to-night, do you? Come round now and I'll give you a cocktail—would you like one? Or have you given them up? (a gurgle). Yes, *now*, why not? . . . Ready? Yes, I'm ready: well, more or less. What's the hurry? If you promise not to change I won't. . . . Splendid."

And you find her in a striped jumper—the stripes going very much the right way round—and an abbreviated biscuit tweed skirt, and one of those immature hats that are lifted off the forehead with a negligent upward push and flung on to sofas. There is the barrage of the cocktail shaker between you, and as you advance over the top she says, "Go away, I'm busy: aren't my tulips lovely?"

And she moves aside towards a bowl of them, clinking the ice unsymbolically. You glance round the fragrant room, prepared to agree with anything she says within reason or without. For this is rather a lovely hour.

Presently. . . . "It's such a relief sometimes not to have to change, isn't it? I am so glad you suggested it. Oh, did I? Well it was very wise of me. No, not again: be good now." And you quote plaintively, "the little more and how much it is, and the little less and what worlds away." To which she retorts, "Don't be highbrow, old thing, I can't bear it"; and makes a forced march across to the cigarette box. "But of course I can't go out like this; look at me; I'm a horror. Give me two minutes, there's a darling. Shake up another drink; I must put on *some* sort of a frock: I mean there are *limits*."

During a monstrous number of clock-ticking minutes—the whole of your world having stopped dead meanwhile—she performs secret rites in an adjacent fastness, and returns in the fullness of time, having apparently painted all her lilies, saying, "*There*. You can't say I wasn't quick, now *can* you? And where's mine? Or have you drunk it all? Greedy pig."

It is an error to suppose that Paris is the only city where you can dine ceremoniously in plain clothes. Or that our cooking, allowing for the difference of climate, is not comparable with theirs. There is more *éclat*, perhaps, in having your *Bécasse Flambée* cooked by old Béauge before your eyes in the *Rue St. Marc*; and nobody in London will give you that embarrassment of riches in *hors-d'œuvre* that you will get at the *Brasserie Universelle* or at *Phillipe's*. Nevertheless the French, when they are over here discerningly, admit to the peculiar fascination of our best grill rooms, which have an intimate atmosphere entirely lacking in the hubbub of Paris. And if you take a Frenchman (preferably a Frenchwoman, of course) down those stairs which lead precipitately from the pavement of Piccadilly and walk her—we have jettisoned "him" as surplus to establishment—past those glass screens at a moment when De Groot and his

"It is rather a naughty place to-day—in a thoroughly nice way"

satellites burst into one of their surf-breaking crescendos, she will murmur, "*Ma foi, mais c'est épatant, celui ci,*" and encouraging preludes of that sort.

The "Piccadilly Grill" seems to some as old as time. To these the picture of London, viewed from the Flanders mud, was just this one room and all that it implied, and nothing more. Many hundreds walked away in field boots over this same carpet jauntily to their deaths. So that brave ghosts still stroll past that band as we eat, ten years after their superb exits.

It is a fascinating *endroit* at all times and seasons, in that it seems to move with all the moods and modes of the moment across the screen of contemporary London history. Whatever London is doing or feeling or thinking, the Piccadilly Grill is essentially in the thick of it. This is one of the hubs of the universe: the pulse of *negligé* London assuredly beats here.

And it is an absorbing occupation to get into the background of matters downstairs, on the edge of the surf as it were, and watch the world at its dinners. You may see anyone (or two!) at any moment. Jacoby, that suave, placid master of ceremonies down here, should write his memoirs: "Diners I have dealt with." Though the retrograde librarian would say, "I'm afraid *not*, madam."

The Jacobean army here, serving under its brilliant C.O., knows its job: which is to see everything and to say nothing. And I have never seen a truculent diner summoning Jacoby to the presence to receive epithets and getting away with it. It is difficult to admonish a perfectly poised person about some imaginary defect in a dinner. Jacoby would smile, adjust, disarm and disappear, and the plaintiff would feel merely foolish.

One of the unique attractions of this world-famed room are the long pauses between the surf riding. You can see the effect all round you. He is leaning forward and stating a heart-burning case, over there in the corner. She is believing about one-tenth of it, attending assiduously to her asparagus and hoping to hear more. Just when he has reached the precipitous brink of indiscretion De Groot intervenes from the dais and drags him back into silence with a fortissimo gesture of violin obbligato. And invariably the melody and the method of its rendering are of the kind that make the rescued one think how lovely Venice would be to-night under the June moon, with a deaf and dumb gondolier and, and everything. One is never quite sure whether De Groot's case—with Jacoby clearly an accessory before the fact—should be brought before the notice of the Royal Humane Society or the Young Men's Welfare Association. But his tunes are as broad as they are long—and nearly every man says much the same things when she catches him on the wrong leg. So why worry?

Quite another sort of place, more redolent of the great men who have passed down the lane of history even than the "Piccadilly," is the rejuvenated Kettner's. One's grandfather used to dine here: and there is no doubt, if to-night's gouty twinges in some of us are any indication, he did himself and his lady (one's grandmother, *of course*) deuced well. But not as we do to-day. In the nights when our fathers used "never to do that kind of thing, m'boy" Kettner's was a place of stuffy plush upholstery, prudes on the prowl, and upper floors; on mention of which latter one's hard-riding uncle would cough and push the port decanter across in haste.

For Kettner's in the "good old days" (they are far better days now if only one dared to tell these old gentlemen a tithe of what one knew) was rather a naughty little place, and one has a deep affection for it primarily for that reason. It is rather a naughty place to-day—in a thoroughly nice way. A man came here having three fortune-making attributes in his highly competitive business—an infectious laugh, a sense of artistic fitness, and a deep knowledge of the dining tastes and habits of the Berkeley and the Savoy, which meant all the world that mattered to him. With him Arthure Giordano, General of Gastronomy, brought, from the same staff college, an able adjutant in one Viviani, trained in the same regiment, with the same traditional smile and the same alert comprehension of people's peccadillos.

Arthure transformed Kettner's above and below. It is only rather naughty now inasmuch as here you feel "*chez soit*" with her. It is the place that draws you irresistibly on those nights when she says, "Can't we talk somewhere: I haven't seen you for an age? You know, somewhere nice where we haven't got to shout and I needn't change; m'm?" Instantly Kettner's flashes into your mind, because she is very lovely, and therefore very exacting; and incidentally you are very hungry, and Arthure will look after you, taking the load of choice off your busy mind, and a superlatively good dinner will result, followed by coffee that cooks itself on the table in front of you, as good coffee should. Unobtrusively charming people, with lots to say to each other, will be all round and about you; and dozens of orange suns will shine down upon you from the ceiling. And above all it will be quiet, because the dressy people and the band will be miles away in the next room. Oh, and there is that delicious little *cache* for cocktails just inside the door to the left. . . .

Arthure Giordano will die a rich man. He is not exactly impoverished at the moment. Because he has taken over a place with old (and, yes, great) traditions and has superimposed the decorous new with much efficiency and effect. A thought of the old gay dining dogs may flitter, wraith-like, through your mind as you wait for her in that little hall. Did they love as we love? . . . Were their women as fascinating, as mysterious, as ours? . . . Did they . . .? "Well, old thing, I'm ready. But you haven't taken your coat off yet. Buck up, darling, I'm famished."

"Frightfully sorry, old lady, I was . . ."

They were probably more gallant, these Kettneans, anyway. E. P. L.-B.

By Wilson Fenning

WORD PERFECT

Golfer: "I suppose you've learnt quite a lot going round all these years?"
Caddie: "Not much, sir—I was brought up on a barge!"

"Way, Way, for the Hodden Grey"

THE FIRST HOME *L.N.A.*

The London Scottish team, which beat a team from the 6th London Regiment in a march from Kingston Gate, Richmond Park, to the Duke of York's Headquarters at Chelsea, finishing in good style. This contest was one of the many held at the revived Scottish gathering in London

TWO WINNERS *Photopress*

Sergeant Young and Lieutenant D. Houchin of "D" Company with two trophies won—in the proper and not the Army sense of the word—at the Meeting. "D" Company won the "Lornie" Inter-Company Cup

IN THE "GRAND STAND" *Sport and General*

Lieutenant-Colonel D. Lyall Grant, M.C. (left), the Duke and Duchess of Atholl and Major L. D. Henderson, M.C., watching the contests at the Duke of York's Headquarters. Colonel Grant and Major Henderson are respectively Commanding Officer and Second in Command of the London Scottish Regiment

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A BOOKMAKER was recently summoned at Newmarket for bad language. He is supposed to have beaten all the coarse records.

. . . . .

ANSWER to Correspondent. — The famous comedian to whom you refer is not usually known as "Skeleton Keys."

. . . . .

Two young Ealing ladies have opened a restaurant in the heart of London. It is said to be replete with modern conveniences, including central eating.

. . .

THE BOXER'S EPITAPH

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
Are these—he woke at the stroke of ten!

. . .

A WRITER informs us that Dr. Johnson was never so happy as when scoring off Garrick. He does not tell us whether the latter was ever in a garrickose vein.

. . .

FROM a provincial paper: "It is well known that the leopard cannot change his spats." That statement seems to imply that he can't knock spots off of them!

. . .

IT is stated that a tea-service is to be presented to Mr. Jack Hobbs, the Surrey cricketer. Doubtless it will be of the willow pattern.

. . .

MIDDLE-AGED women, we are told, frequently insist on singing at parties. But they would be hurt if we made an allusion to the "Roaring Forties."

A PROMINENT gardener says that we have always had plantains on our lawns. In fact, ever since the Garden of Weed'en.

. . . . .

Two elder sons of peers have gone into the hotel business. We do not intend to refer to them as inn-growing heirs.

. . . . .

My Club's coteries
Are exclusive; they'd freeze
If one half to the other should speak.
Yet it puts up my back
When I look at each claque,
For I never can "click" with a clique!

I know an irascible Colonel,
Whose manners are simply infolonel,
If his shots go askew,
He'll consign me and you
To a region where flames are etolonel!

. . . . .

AN illiterate correspondent from a mental asylum writes to tell us that he has never seen a stick of straight asparagus, but that he has seed potatoes.

BY ALFRED LEETE

THE GOLF PRO'S DAY OFF

"I CAN'T stand the way Betty is always looking at herself in the glass."

"Why worry? It's only casting reflections at her."

. . .

IT is suggested that the office of Court Fool be revived. But why—when there are so many plaintiffs at our County Courts?

. . . . .

"WHEN you refused him, what did he do?"

"My dear, he behaved like a fierce Alsatian!"

. . . . .

"How on earth can you make money out of Russia nowadays?"

"Simply by putting the beer into Siberia."

. . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT asks whether we can suggest a title for the corporation of tobacco smokers. Why not The Ancient Order of Weed Killers, with the motto, "Your fretting is cured by fuming."

. . . . .

FROM a provincial paper:—"Mr. Johnson then sang, 'I Need Three Every Hour.'" Such a desire for stimulants strikes us as excessive.

. . . . .

"I'M going to be married to-morrow."

"Are you? Who's your opponent?"

. . .

"LADIES," said the agitated producer to the chattering show girls, "this chorus pondence must now cease."

. . .

"How many are you up on me, old chap?"

"Four better — furze worse!"

. . .

INCOME-TAX officials are insatiable. Their latest demand to ladies is, "Are you married or shingle?"

. . .

FLAPPERS are said to be the complete egoists. Maybe that explains the origin of the phrase, "The Glad I's."

. . .

ANSWER to Correspondent: With regard to your query, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," we are unable to trace the makers of that particular bicycle.

Hot Dog!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

An ingenious central heating device for bathing on the chilly mornings of the early part of the season

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"The fine frocks . . . . of the stage favourite"

MES AMIS—

AMONG the people who matter in Paris one whom you cannot help but know is M. Clement Vautel. I mean, if by some inexplicable hazard you had failed, otherwise, to learn of, or about, him, you would be told about him by M. Clement Vautel. And I do not mean this in any sarcastic or spiteful sense, for I am one of those who not only admire but like him. The idea I wish to convey is that he is bound to be in the picture, by merit as well as intent, and if one is bound to admit that there are many people who resent this the fault is probably as much theirs as that of the combative Clement. M. Vautel has a habit of saying what he thinks in print, and the number of people who like this are emphatically fewer than those who don't.

WITH other exceptional gifts Clement Vautel combines a facility for writing "best-sellers," which, of course, is no recommendation to the *gendelettres* who elaborate highbrow stuff that remains on the bookstalls. And these apparently facile *romans* are generally adapted for the stage so effectively that the resulting play is an even bigger financial success than the book — another unforgivable sin on the part of the aggravating author. And perhaps the strangest fact about this capture of the paying public's approval is that it is due to the superior "Parisianism" of M. Vautel, who is, nominally, not a Parisian at all but, it is generally understood, a Belgian. He must be Parisian by instinct.

WELL, all this biographical detail is *à propos* of his latest book, "L'Amour à la Parisienne," which I have just been reading with the utmost enjoyment, and which is probably as perfect a picture of the *milieu* with which he deals as one could ever hope to obtain, a story of the progress of a *petite Parisienne* of the rather sordid *faubourgs* towards the fine frocks, *hôtel particulier,* and Rolls-Royce of the stage favourite, thanks to the employment of Mother Wit in the unfortunate absence of talent. If Mlle. Ginette de Lys had not been the invention of M. Clement Vautel, one would expect to read of her as a "true story" in the newspapers, which I suppose is the supreme tribute.

NOW on the fly-leaf of this novel it is recorded, as a warning to possible pirates, that "all rights of translation, reproduction, theatrical representation, and cinematographic adaptation are reserved for all countries." Having seen such wonders performed before, I suppose M. Vautel knows that "L'Amour à la Parisienne" can be prepared for theatrical representation, but I may only marvel as to how it can be done. It is impossible to explain the difficulties, as the censor might intervene, as he certainly would if any unexpurgated translation in book form were offered in England.

"A *petite Parisienne* of the rather sordid *faubourgs*"

THE distinctively entertaining features of the *roman* concern a couple of incidents, one dealing with a man who has an amazingly realistic doll instead of a wife, and who is none the less so terribly jealous that he puts himself out of his misery when he discovers an open window, and the other relating to a *bizarre* organisation for the re-inspiriting of rescued, would-be suicides. French readers of the book will no doubt be more anxious to see these features on the stage than anything else, but it is difficult to see how this can be arranged, even for Paris. Anyhow, the stage version

(*Continued on page* 358)

"She'd a Hole in Her Stocking"

Joan Craven

MISS MIMI JORDAN

The well-known dancer and cabaret star, photographed studying one of the problems of woman's life, while she is probably echoing in her thoughts the title of Mr. Cochran's new production, "One Dam Thing After Another," in which she is taking part

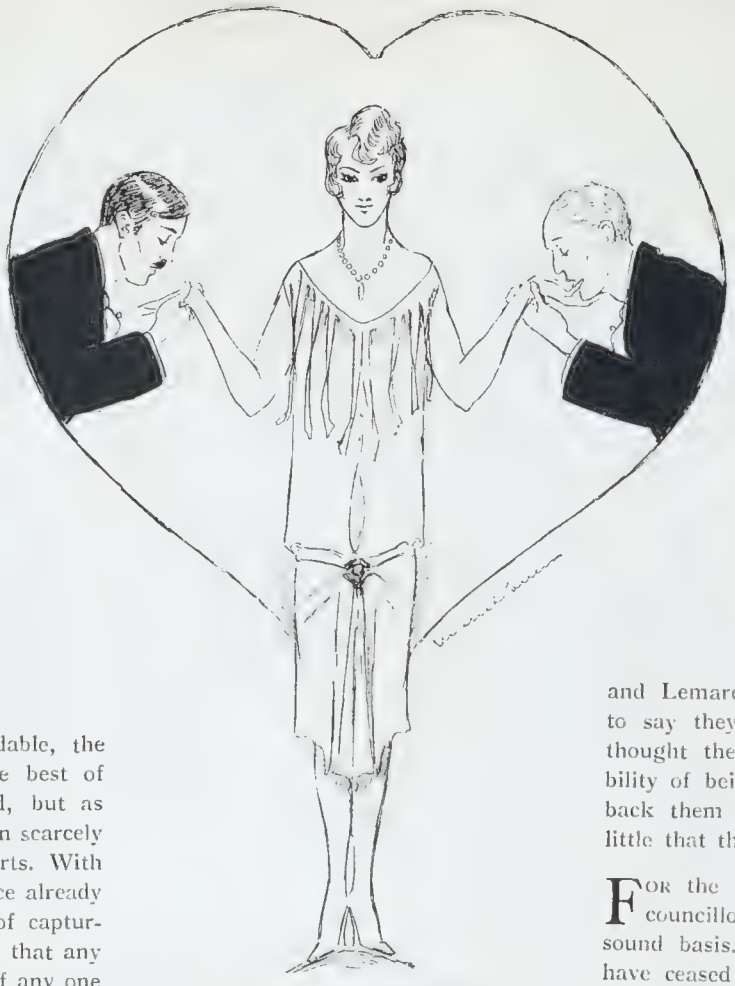
will certainly be awaited with an unusual amount of interest.

S

THERE is another book which has provoked a lot of discussion over the *apéritif*, as well as running into a big sale—which is not always an accompaniment of debating interest. This is "Trio," by Paul Reboux, son of a famous mother and himself a brilliant, if sometimes erratic, journalist. Reboux has long been an advocate of polygamy, but usually his concern has been with the surplus women. This time he treats the question the other way round, for in his trio there is only one woman.

S

As a book it is very readable, the writing being up to the best of Reboux's own high standard, but as propaganda for polygamy it can scarcely be expected to win many converts. With over a million women in France already condemned to abandon hope of capturing a husband, it is not likely that any of them will favour the idea of any one woman having two husbands. In this instance, I imagine, the novelist got the upper hand of the journalist, and Reboux thought more about writing an entertaining book than he did about his polygamic propaganda.



"In his trio there is only one woman"

S

AND now that I have dealt thoroughly with the two books of the moment—in response to a candid critic who "presumed that I spent so much time at Montmartre that I did not know that interesting books were sometimes published in the Gay City," perhaps I may, with a clear conscience, be permitted to ruminate over the scheme of MM. Fernand Laurent and George Lemarchand, highly remunerated councillors of our worried municipality, who propose audaciously, but quite simply, to deliver a death-blow to the Grands Boulevards. I bend low in admiration of their very colossal courage.

S

CAN you imagine any councillors of whatever district is concerned advocating the transformation of Piccadilly or the Mall into something like Cruikshank Street, Battersea? And if you cannot, think what such a suggestion means to Parisians with their ever-so-much - more - cultivated affection for their city. In the opinion of a lot of Parisians, MM. Laurent and Lemarchand are lucky to be able to say they still live. And yet if I thought their proposal had any possibility of being put into effect I would back them with my support—for the little that that support is worth.

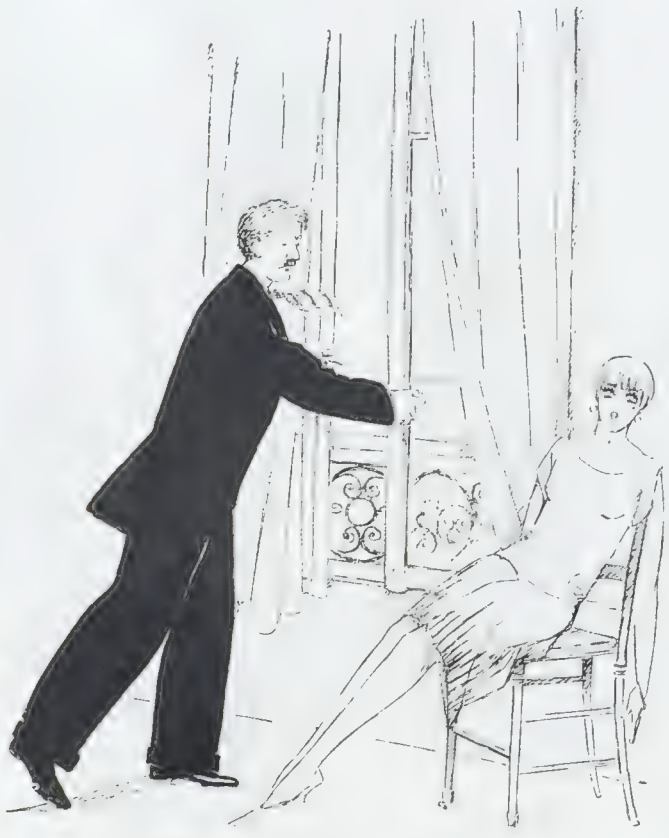
S

FOR the plan of the two municipal councillors starts from a very sound basis. The Grands Boulevards have ceased to be boulevards as boulevards are understood by Parisians. Whoever sees a *boulevardier* on the boulevards, either at five in the afternoon or half-past nine at night? Should you see anything resembling a *boulevardier*, it is a thousand to one that if you went up to him and said, "*Un peu de feu, s'il vous plait?*" you would discover that he came from Pasadena or Stockholm.

S

SO, as they have ceased to be boulevards, they might as well be streets, which is the theory on which MM. Laurent and Lemarchand are working in counselling the destruction of the kiosks and the uprooting of the trees. This last, of course, looks rather shocking at first sight, but the regrettable truth is that the trees are going anyway, asphyxiated by the fumes of the hundreds of thousands of motor-cars. And they will certainly not be missed by the *flâneurs*, who long ago went west, to the much more congenial Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. But MM. Laurent and Lemarchand are not the least likely to meet with success, not the least. Habits of mind are against them—much too big a handicap.

RENÉ.



"When he discovers an open window"

"WOULD you call Jones a mean man?"

"Mean! Why, he weighs every word he utters!"

Holidays !

ANY GIRL—ANY STATION · ANYWHERE

BY S. VAN ABBÉ

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

SEA URCHINS

Produced April 21, 1927

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is described on the programme as "An Arcadian Comedy," and it is certainly a refreshing change after the heady stuff that has been handed out to us of late. We are taken back to the grace and charm of Early Victorian days with their gentle manners and quiet ways, which seem to be sadly forgotten in these days of attenuated courtesy and of flappers in a hurry. And since the English have a strange fear of the acutely sentimental the scene is laid in Scotland, and the dialogue is, when the players are daring enough to speak it, in what mere Southrons have always understood to be broad Scots. Indeed, if I might venture to exclaim "Hoch, aye!" (whatever that cryptic outburst may mean) I think I shall have sufficiently reproduced the local atmosphere.

THE story is a simple and artless revival of the old romance concerning the young and trustful maiden affianced to a wealthy but uncongenial visitor, who finds herself with a distinct preference for a handsome but penniless young officer in the Queen's Light Infantry. It might be considered to be the legend of Young Lochinvar pruned and prismed in order to fit it into the very correct surroundings of Victorian propriety. But in so complete a play the plot is of secondary importance. The treatment is so delicate, and yet so satisfying, that, set beside it, Sheiks and Nymphs seem to be merely an olfactory inconvenience. Then, it seems, the period requires that the ladies shall appear in crinolines, and for some strange reason this fashion proves to be an immense attraction to the young woman of to-day. Can it be that, having got first as far as the shin, and then the knee, the modern skirt is getting nervous about the next step forward, and that history is about to repeat itself? As it says in the back pages of my standard dictionary, *Quién sabe?*

THE heroine of the play is Marigold (the daughter of Major Andrew Sellar), an exquisite performance by Miss Angela Baddeley, who gives a perfect imitation of the guileless maiden (if any) of the period. The austere Major (Mr. Athole Stewart) had married a French wife, who, however, could never reconcile herself to the marked difference between the prolific turnip fields of Scotland and the boulevards of Paris. She therefore left home for a Career, as I think it is called, upon the Stage; and Marigold, having henceforth no mother, is sent to live at the Manse with her aunt, Mrs. Pringle, the pious but resourceful wife of the local Meenister.

IN due course Marigold learns that a suitable husband has been found for her in the Laird of Kettinfoot (Mr. Hubert Harben), a pompous gentleman of wealth and position, old enough to be her father. The obvious discrepancies of years and tastes between the two compel an artificial courtship that is highly diverting, and not altogether without historical foundation. The Laird reads up "Forms of Proposals of Marriage," so that he may spout the necessary phrases with a nice proficiency; while, on her part, Marigold studies the "Young Maiden's Guide to

(*Continued on page 364*)

GOLF ADVICE F

BY H. H. HARRIS

FOR THE RABBIT

Affairs of the Heart," so that she may reply with a studied decorum and make her dutiful professions of Obedience as if she really believed in them. The humour is of the lightest kind, but it is quite unusually interesting.

THEN Archie (Mr. Deering Wells) suddenly bursts upon the scene in all the glory of his gorgeous regimentals, and it is easy to see at once that he is, as you might say, the Preferred Stock. Marigold has, of course, no intention of throwing her pompous Laird over, because she understands that it is her duty to obey her father's wishes, and in those days duty mattered. But Archie has brought with him a formal invitation to Marigold and her aunt to pay a visit to Edinburgh Castle, from one of the balconies of which they will be able to see Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, reviewing her troops. The difficulty in the way of acceptance is that the pompous Laird will not permit Marigold to attend the ceremony, because in that case he would have to escort her, and he simply cannot stand a crowd. It must be a crowning mercy for such a man that he was gathered to his fathers before such things as a rush-hour scrum on the Tube came to infect our daily life.

AFTER two Acts of pleasant banter and diluted Scotch (speaking linguistically, of course), we find ourselves at Archie's quarters in Edinburgh Castle. Archie is expecting a couple of brother officers to look in and sample his claret; and he is naturally surprised when his first caller proves to be Marigold herself. With the perfect simplicity that only a pure young mind can know, Marigold explains that she has run away in order not to miss the chance of seeing the young Queen, and she has no doubt that Archie can give her a shakedown in his quarters for the night.

THEN the two brother officers turn up, and when they find Marigold in Archie's quarters their natural conclusion is necessarily the wrong one. Marigold, however, takes it all quite naturally. She is pleased to meet the gentlemen, and is at home with them at once. She confides in them that, although dancing at the Meenister's Manse is regarded as an unholy thing, she has learned the steps of the newest fling; and the gentlemen beg to be allowed to try it with her accordingly. In a few moments the four young people are briskly engaged in a lively dance, with its periodical Scottish yelp to give it local colour, and then, as is usual in such dramatic situations, Marigold's father, Major Sellar, enters the room, shocked to observe the depths of infamy to which his daughter has sunk.

CLOSE upon the Major's heels, however, comes Mrs. Pringle from the Manse, and Respectability once more rears its proud head, after having been all but counted out. In her official capacity as the Meenister's wife Mrs. Pringle is bound to say that it was very sinful of Marigold to have run away from home; but as the girl's very practical aunt she thinks that this accident which enables her to join in the party that is there to see the Queen is a positive gift from Heaven. The aunt is a very tender and beautiful performance by Miss Jean Cadell, whose little flashes of humour here and there sparkle like the facets of a restless gem. To emphasise the Scottish surroundings, the orchestra lets itself go with all the old favourite Scottish airs, and when it gets down to Auld Lang Syne the cheering in the house is positively riotous. The end of the play can be readily foreseen; but it will, no doubt, prove to be immensely popular for the delicacy of its sentiment and the excellence of its acting.

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GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

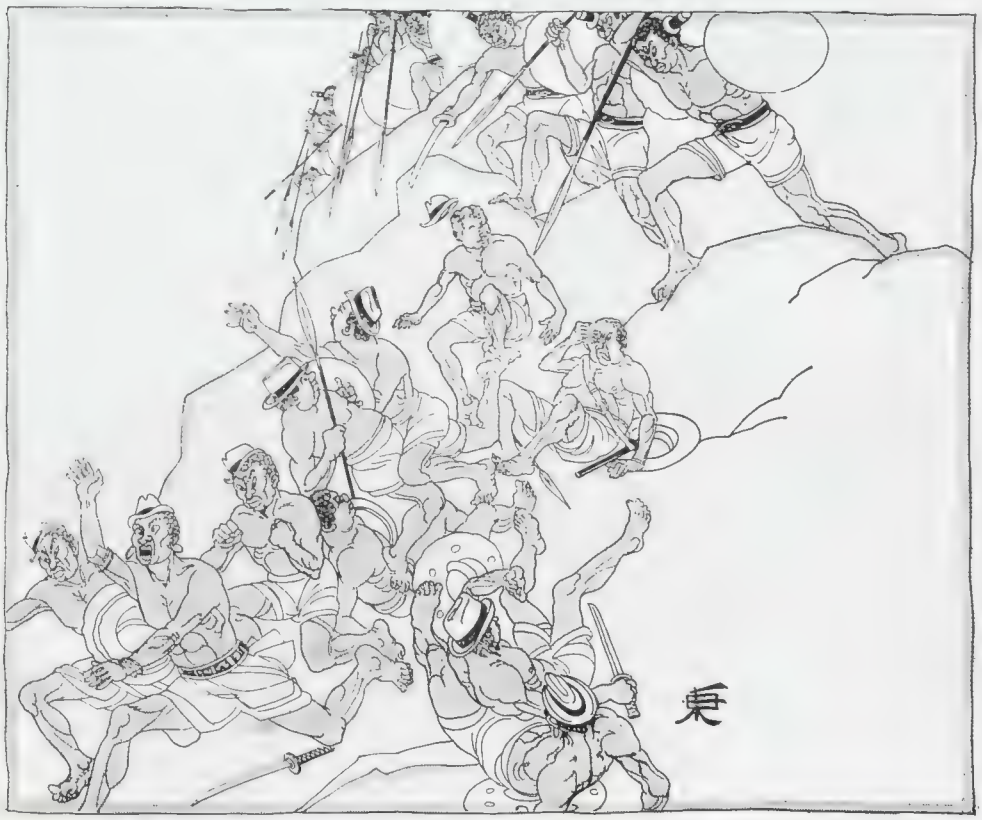
Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

" The Princess Mimosa entered the banquetings-hall completely attired in white drapings"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

IT are more as a 1,000 shames that a talented *literati* should necessitate to soil his pen by responsing to the wicked and scrupleless attacks which educationless persons of entirely minus gifts aim to my head. The as follows letter, which could only emanate itself from persons dragged up from the lowest of Lower 10 circles, speaks more as volumes for itself, It are suchly *animalculæ* that cause I to suffuse with blushes for the *anthropoids* from which saidly persons are so very non-remotely descended. This are it: " Hon. Sir:—*Re* concerning your legalless commentings per (*a*) The Investing Persons' Pictorial which you legimatelessly designate to be a gutter-press rag and (*b*) that Hon. Editor of same are no more better as a vile and corrupt person, we beg to politely inform that unless and notwithstanding you imprint and immediate apology and enclose 1,000£s for good recompenses, we shall suit you for libel with the utmost rigour of the law. We have the honour to remain, your obedient servants, Sharper and Wangle, Solicitors."

I should not dream to stain these spotless pages with the requisite commentings, besides non-possessing the politeless and Lower 10 vocabular they would necessitate me to use. I have responded as per follows: " Honless Sirs:—I are in the receipt of your scandalous favour of the 14th prox, being non-aware until reading same, that the lower forms of pond-life had taken to practising the law. I find myself articulateless to adequately reply and can only succeed to say that I are thankful to goodness I cannot reduce myself to the so despicable levels as such a pair of truthless, piousless, non-moral, virtueless, no-class rascality persons who live to only perform black-mailings, thievings and pocket-pickings, and who, like their worshipless ancestors, will be hung in the gallows so soonly as same are non-occupied with their uncles, cousins and other family birds of a feather, and be followed there before not so very long by their legitimateless offsprings when same have acquired sufficient ages to enjoy this blessing. I remain yours to always command, Y. Hama. P.S.—This correspondents must now cease."



"We have inflicted them with a very severeish defeat by retreating according to plan"

I trust to hope that we shall not hear any more of these so profitless bickerings, and that I shall enjoy the liberty to pursue the extractions from my epochal diary without necessitating to waste my valuable spaces by responsing to letters which a dust-collecting person would blush for shame to touch with a pitchfork or other barge-pole.

Feb. 17st.—Preceded by Umboboe *houries* blowing tunes on cymbals, tympanums and other native horns, the Princess Mimosa entered the banquetings-hall completely attired in white drapings

and a transparentless veil of *crêpe de Chine* tissue.

"Prepare, Mr. Hama, to suffer delicious endazzlements by the so priceless and non-paralleled beauty of Umboboeland's fair daughter," impopped Hon. Chief. "I cannot succeed to doubt that you are her soul-affinity and, when nuptialled, will be more happy as 2 pigs in clover. Mimosa, kindly to deveil your face so that this ardent and patientless lover may feast his gazes upon your so fatal beauty."

There was an *h.p.* blare of cymbals and tympanums, the man-eating warriors unsheathed their spears and then the Princess Mimosa deveiled her face—and I almost performed a swooning on the spot.

"A Hottentot Indian in full war-cry burst upon me"

"O no, no, no, a 1,000 times no!" I ejaculed. "O horrors of horrors, this are more awful as being a boiling-slave! Kindly to spare me this so frightful destiny and I will promise to send you a voucher copy of Hon. Bystander per weekly gratis free from my own privy pocket!"

"Are I to understand that you propose to non-nuptial the Princess Mimosa?" imbarked Hon. Chief.

"I would be more sooner dead a 100 times," I bewailed. "O how much better it should have been for me to expire in the Nubian Desert, than live to face this awful cataclysmic."

"All so well then," responsed Hon. Chief with frightful calm, "you shall enjoy the penalty of this pardonless affronting. You will be skinned alive to slow music, stewed in oil, filleted and your bones, if any, cast to the dogs. To-morrow, for lunch, we shall enjoy *Fillets de Hama Africain.* Warriors, remove this bauble."

More as 1 dz. man-eating Umboboes hurled themselves upon me, when all of a suddenly a very fierce person in the hat of an Umboboe general dashed himself into the banquetings-hall armed to the teeth.

"Your Royal Majesty, the Hottentot Indians are making to attack us on all sides!" he ejaculed. "We have inflicted them with a very severeish defeat by retreating according to plan with extreme mobility."

"This sounds to be a very great victory, General, and I shall decorate you with the so Noble Order of the Oof Bird," responsed Hon Chief. "Any casualties?"

"More as 50 of our primest warriors have been slayed or encaptured. This will non-doubtedly cause the enemy frightful embarrassments and are a great triumph of military strategics."

"How many Hottentot Indians did you succeed to slay, General?" requeshed Hon. Chief.

"I are happy to inform your Royal Majesty, that our warriors are worthy of their so great traditions. They were too proud to fight, and more rather than soil their stainless arms with the blood of a so ignoble enemy, they cast them away and advanced to the rear *p.d.q.*"

"This are thrillish news, General, and proves to show that our boys continue to remain chips of the old blocks. What are your plans for campaign and suchly strategics?"

"We shall transport our G.H.Q. to so many miles as possible away from the enemy. This will cause him to execute pursuits and suffer awful fatigues so that, more likely as 10 to 1, he will lose heart and succumb to despair."

"This are very genius plan, General, and will reap us a glorious and bloodless victory. Let us proceed with extreme non-delay to G.H.Q."

All to 1-ce frightful bellowings impacted our ears. Hon. Chief, Hon. General, Hon. Mimosa, and Hon. man-eating warriors fell over each others to make a strategic retreat according to plan, and I found myself alone in less as 2 tics. Then, more quick as oiled lightning, a Hottentot Indian in full war-cry burst upon me. With a marrow-curdling yell, he raised his gore-stained spear and—— (See nextly week's parallelless instalment.)

Yogo Hama

Sport and General

RACING IN THE ANTIPODES

The finish of the Duke of York Stakes at Brisbane, which was run in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of York. The winner, Matros, won at 100 to 1, being almost unbacked, the fact that his dam was named Queen Elizabeth being overlooked by all except the most determined "coincidence fans"

The "Glad" Eye

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MISS GLADYS GLAD

Who is one of the brightest stars that twinkle in Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita" at the Ziegfeld Theatre. She is seen here making a delightful picture in a "picture hat"

Sports and Sporting Folk Captured

Photographs THE ENGLISH TEAM

Standing: Miss P. Lobbett (left), Miss Audrey Croft, Mrs. Cautley, Mrs. H. Guadella, Miss E. Corlett and the reserve, Miss B. Brown. Seated: Miss D. R. Fowler (left), Mrs. P. Garon, Miss Cecil Leitch and Miss Molly Gourlay

THE SCOTTISH TEAM *Sport and General*

Standing: Mrs. Mellis (left), Miss H. Cameron, Miss J. McCullock, Mrs. Kelway Bamber and Miss Joan Gow. Seated: Mrs. J. B. Watson (left), Miss M. J. Wood, Mrs. Hugh Percy and Miss D. Park

The teams which met in the recent International Ladies' Golf Championship at Newcastle, Co. Down. For the first time since 1911

Photographs

THE "ST. GEORGE'S" WINNER

W. L. Hartley, who won the St. George's Cup at Sandwich with a score of 153 for the two rounds, in play during the competition. This amateur stroke competition attracted a strong and representative field, which found the wind a considerable force to be reckoned with

DRIVING OFF

R. H. Hardman, of Birkdale, who won the Lancashire Amateur Championship. He beat C. Hammersley in the final, thus regaining the title, which he won in 1923

Sport and General

AT PHYLLIS COURT

Major D. M. Evans, winner of the final of the Men's Singles at Phyllis Court. He put up a fine performance, beating M. J. G. Ritchie by 6—4, 6—4

by the Camera in Two Countries

THE WELSH TEAM *Sport and General*

Standing: Miss S. Damprey (left), Miss J. Jeffreys, Mrs. Blethyn Rees, Mrs. Rieben and Mrs. R. Weston. Seated: Mrs. A. H. Mactier (left), Mrs. C. S. Hurst, Miss C. Freeguard and Mrs. O. M. Brown

THE IRISH TEAM *Photo Illus.*

Standing: Mrs. Cuthell (left), Mrs. King, Mrs. Hall, Miss A. Gardiner and Mrs. F. Jameson. Seated: Miss J. Jackson (left), Miss P. Jameson, Mrs. G. D. Madill and Miss D. Ferguson

England lost the title, being narrowly defeated by Scotland. In the final, Scotland beat England by 5 matches to 4 after some keen contests

L.N.A.

A SPORTS DAY IN IRELAND

K. J. McLaren winning the High Jump at the Dublin University Harriers Club Championships. These were held at College Park, Trinity College, Dublin

A MEETING AT QUEEN'S CLUB *Sport and General*

T. E. Tweed, of the Achilles Club, winning the High Jump at 5ft. 10in. at the recent meeting between the Achilles Club and a combined team of Woolwich, Sandhurst and Cranwell. Achilles won every event

A DEAD HEAT AT DUBLIN *L.N.A.*

B. Cherry and J. F. Gregg tying for first place in the final of the 200 Yards at the Dublin University Harriers Club Championships at Dublin. J. F. Gregg is the son of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin

Crossing the Atlantic

BY HELEN MCKIE

Our artist writes :—"The journey across the Atlantic is full of interest, and is delightful provided the sea behaves well. Dancing every night is a great attraction—though when the ship occasionally gives a lurch the Charleston is apt to get a bit complicated. There are all sorts of deck games, which are usually fearfully boring. The best way of spending the time is, really, tramping the deck or resting peacefully on the sunny side of the boat deck in a huge deck chair enveloped in rugs and with a good book. Fire drill, which usually takes place in mid-Atlantic, is quite thrilling to the passenger crossing for the first time. Deafening bells are rung all over the ship, and all the crew rush, clad in life jackets, to their various posts by the boats"

..Said she was 21. She was in fact 38, and passed on her way happily.

Help for twenty one.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings.

Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

It has long been a theory of mine that everybody who wants anything should be given it. Needless to say, I am not referring to tangible things, such as landed estates, pearl necklaces, or appendicitis. (I can assure you that many longed for appendicitis when King Edward had it, and fashionable actresses have kept on having it ever since, over and over again.)

Of things that are not tangible I sing to-day, of such things as votes and titles of honour. I once asked a late friend of mine (before he was knighted) if he approved of a certain Honours List. "My dear fellow," said Charles, "everybody who wants a title should have it. About £10,000 should be charged for a knighthood, £25,000 for a barony, and so on up to a dukedom. All the proceeds should be sent to the hospitals, who would not then have to send out begging letters. . . . Of course, it's a good idea. And as for the new knights and lords, after a fortnight or so nobody could tell them from the real thing."

Just as my ever-lamented friend felt about titles so I feel about votes. If people really are so crass and queer-visioned as to want them, let the poor things have them; but it should be pointed out that they are great nuisances to the State, which is always out of pocket over a General Election.

Votes are silly things. If you vote for a given party and have the thrill of victory, you will quickly find that the promises made you are mere pie-crust. The measure you favoured so much is sure to be the one first put aside, and a lot of foolish legislation, in which you are not interested, is introduced, the main ambition of any modern Government being to do nothing. I give my word to all the disfranchised that if the voter tosses up between candidates and puts a cross against the winner of the toss he is being just as helpful to the future of the country as the man who attends 100 election meetings.

Still, there are people who are just mad to have the vote and use it. When women were fighting and struggling for it just before the War I explained to those I knew first of all that the vote was useless, and when they disagreed I called together a meeting of earnest men and persuaded them to give their votes to women they liked.

There were exactly a hundred of us at the first meeting, and I believe very many more before polling-day, and it was affecting to note how pleased the men were to give their votes to the women. When they realised that they would not escape going to the polling-booth they were not so bright, but I soon made them see that they were pioneers and almost as admirable as the mediæval knights who jousted for their ladies.

On the day of the voting each man who had given his pledge received a registered letter revealing the name of the candidate for whom the girl wished her knight to vote, and indicating at what hour she would call to take him round to see that he did it. One alluring little darling had got four votes promised to her, and when she took the first one along she found that she had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of him. In later cases she saw her man well inside the polling booth, and then took to her heels. Happier incidents, however, concerned nice boys who went with their mothers, and, after letting these have their say as to the future guidance of the nation, suffered themselves to be rewarded at the Carlton Grill.

Unfortunately, the result in this particular constituency was a dead heat. There were three recounts, each with the same result, so that the candidates decided to toss for the seat. I forget

Then took to her heels.

who won, but I know that after that a lot of girls in our suburb gave up being mad to get the vote.

Now this priceless boon is to be given to all girls who have attained the age of twenty-one. Why?

The story goes, though I cannot vouch for it, that a certain Minister when canvassing met a woman who said she was twenty-one. She was, in fact, thirty-eight, and passed on her way happily. But the Home Secretary was deceived. He said that women of twenty-one looked wise and experienced enough to have the vote, and that night he promised it in the market-place.

Now it has been written by a scribe of authority that 2 is the beginning of the end. Be that as it may, twenty-one is the end. Sixteen is joyous. Seventeen is sweet. Eighteen is elegant. Nineteen is grave and passing man's understanding. Twenty is—ah, that 2!—imperious and extends her hand, but twenty-one is the end, and even condescends to the throwing of the handkerchief.

Is it at twenty-one that girls begin to fib, to allow themselves to be regarded as a mere nineteen? What class of misrepresentation could be less harmful? The young man is getting a wiser, a more beautiful, and an infinitely more helpful wife. Fat lot he has to complain about her dropping a unit or so.

If the girl is sent circulars and voting papers she cannot longer enjoy her pretty concealments. The servants will know, the younger brothers and sisters will jeer, father and mother will give the usual bracelet or necklace, and may see their dearly beloved daughter hurl it passionately to the ground; and there may be tears in bedrooms—tears that no Canute could order back. . . . No matter what these politicians do, a curse goes with it.

I admit that there will be many girls who, on attaining twenty-one, will look forward to the privilege of voting. But why, oh why, should not they, and they alone, be given the vote? Why should not politics, which cause nothing but waste of money and the exploitation of the vilest of passions, be a game exclusively for willing players?

I say that it is an evil thing to turn a girl twenty-one years of age into a voter when she loathes politics and wants to be nineteen a bit longer. How is it to be prevented?

Well, I want all you girls of twenty-one, or approaching twenty-one, to write me in confidence. I will borrow the Albert Hall from Mr. Cochran, and on a night, kept secret from the public, you will all meet us in there. We shall have ready for you to sign a monstrous petition, not to mention a band, cocktails, and a fortune-teller, and if something does not come of that start it is no use being young any longer.

Once I wrote a play about an island on which women of all ages were forced to vote, an island which inevitably sank into the most degrading depths of dowdyism. At the time of my play the girls were agitating for "No votes for women" and the coincident return of such joys as smart frocks and up-to-date hairdressing. The leader of the women's party was a beautiful young thing who did not hesitate to lash herself to the railings of the King's palace, to throw a bag of flour over the Prime Minister, or dress as a Columbine in the streets, showing lovely limbs that on her island were utterly illegal.

That revolution, as all who saw can testify, was a success. Now, maidens of twenty-one, here is a leaf that you may tear out of a long-written book. Tie yourselves to railings, smack policemen, pour acid over golf greens, smother Ministers with flour, and there is not a single male M.P. who will dare to vote for this measure. B. M. H.

By Bertram Prance

A DOMESTIC FRAME-UP

Smith: "Your wife—er—if I may say so, was a perfect picture in church this morning"

Brown: "H'm, well the frame cost me just forty-five pounds"

DO WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT THE DERBY

BUT WHEN IT'S A QUESTION OF SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO BACK

J.J

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ENGLAND'S NOT SUCH A BAD PLACE—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Every deb. had a mother or auntie with her"

London, *May* 23.

Dear Cousin,—

Rather refreshing, also surprising, is not it, to find someone English at last actually saying England's not really such a bad place after all these days. Never, says one authority, and a Noncom. to boot—never has life been so generally pleasant, and gentle and nice, what with people being good to weak women and children, and public men (which I suppose means M.P.s and such like) really quite marvellously honest, and even strikes all done by kindness, so to speak. Which reminds me of Mr. Will Rogers's book that's just out, called "Letters of a Self-made Diplomat to his President"—the U.S. funny man, you know, that we didn't think so terribly amusing when he came on for a while at the Pavilion or somewhere—simply amazed he was when he saw the polite way we ran that strike we had a year or so ago. And he, too, likes some things about us, especially the Prince of Wales, otherwise "the absolute Kid," and says England has the best statesmen and the rottenest coffee in the world—but that's by the way.

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And where, asks someone else, no less an one than Sir Francis Younghusband to wit, the pioneer of Empire, you know, or whatever they call it, in *his* new book, "The Light of Experience"—where do the flowers smell so sweet or the fruits taste so good or the birds sing so sweetly as in England . . .? What is so sweet as an English cottage, an English garden, or an English village church . . . ? (Not to mention an English girl or an English poem.) And this English sweetness (says he further) has nothing insipid about it—nothing of the hothouse or the drawing-room. It is of the fields and the woods and the open air; of the primrose and the hedgerose, the thrush and the blackbird. . . . Sounds rather comforting and heartening, does not it—and here's a colonial, too, writing to the papers to say old England's certainly slow in some ways, but clear and steady eyed and with a magic about it that makes it an earthly paradise. . . .

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Almost begin to think we must be *some* people, don't you—which is a rather satisfying feeling, is not it, though not excessively indulged in by this lil' old nation, hardly quite enough, say some. But don't know that it isn't rather a quiet joy to be different from some others we wot off, what, whose country's God's own, or words to that effect. But takes all sorts to make a world, doesn't it? And to most of us just now, especially, methinks life's just a Christmas tree, as some one puts it rather nicely in a book I've just been reading. Crowd round, we do, don't we, with hungry eyes fixed on some bright and glittering bauble or whatnot, and either snatch it for ourselves or if we have a bit of extra luck actually have it handed us. Like, for instance, happening to pick the winner for next week's Derby (complete with luxurious new stands), or, even better, drawing him in the Calcutta or Stock Exchange Sweep. Yes, must say last-named's much the best way really—it's *so* difficult to choose, especially when such a lot of them have such nice names, like Hot Night and Apple Cross, and so on. And there's the Derby Ball, moreover, that takes place at the Albert Hall on May 31. This promises to be a revel of revels, what with Jack Hylton's band and prizes including a "Baby" Austin. Tickets may be obtained for this cheeriest of shows from one yclept the Ball Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.

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But rather pleasantly busy just now, what? and can't very seriously complain of lack of occupation, mescems, whatever happens. Couple of Courts, *par exemple,* this very week, to-morrow and Wednesday as ever is. And oh what joys concentrated within those few simple little words, for the debs. I mean. The times they've had choosing designs and things and telling all their friends all about it, and then those actual exciting moments they're going to have at dear old Buckingham Palace—that isn't such a bad-looking place, you know, after all, as you'll see if you go to the R.A. and have a glance at

"Never, says one authority, and a Noncom. to boot—never has life been so pleasant"

The Derby

Mr. Richard Jacks's pictures of some of the apartments thereof, especially the blue drawing-room—quite the Court painter of the moment he is, you know, and the Queen (who has a birthday this week, by the way, wherefore many happy and loyal returns), has bought up, I'm told, most of his pictures of Buckingham Palace.

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Paid yet another visit to the R.A. last week, I did, by the way, and yes, as expected and anticipated, the Church was *beaucoup en evidence*. Sort of happy hunting ground, you know, Burlington House is, for parsons, old and young, like the Varsity match at Lord's—don't quite know why, but I suppose it's because it's one of those few rather *nice* affairs you can really always talk about at the Rectory gatherings, even when the Bishop comes to lunch, and so uplifting, too—art, my dear brethren, art, and all that sort of thing, so modern and yet so safe. At least . . . well, must say there *are* rather more undraped ladies than usual, but those, I suppose, can easily be passed over with a flick of the eyelids and the gaze riveted on, say, a strictly chaste Cadogan Cowper. And imagine they don't really *dwell* on, for instance, Mr. Russell Flint's "Chattels," which is the *succès de scandale* of the show, and that he's actually written to the papers about, rebuking the art critics for their unseemly words, and saying it's really about a *wedding*.

Oh, *mon Dieu*, no wonder they say things in France sometimes about our being a nation of Tartuffes. And some thousands of French critics there were among us taking notes, by the way, last week, when their Pres. was over here doing the *entente cordiale* stunt and all that sort of thing. . . . Oh, *chère belle France* of the business head, I think we really love her best of all of all our neighbours. And imitating her ways we are now, do you know, at any rate in the way of chaperones, *on dit*, or going to. Because, yes, we really have revived that Victorian institush., and at one big dance last week almost every deb. had a mother or auntie with her. Only thing being—well, we know those mothers and aunties of to-day, what?

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Rather pleasing, *entre nous*, to go just now and then to one or two of the private dances that are being poured out in such profusion just now for the young womanhood of England, so to speak—the budding flappers that still flap in somewhat ungainly fashion, but'll very soon learn, poor dears. So comparatively quiet they are, these affairs I mean, and quite often attended by quite a number of what used to be called ladies and gentlemen, which is always somehow rather a help.

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Not that all dances aren't really getting quite a lot quieter now—even at gala nights at a smart restaurant or club the once popular balloon, pellet, or other missile, is dead. Trumpets are heard no more in the land, nor do paper streamers encumber our feet as we try to do a little spot of dancing on the floor. And cabarets, *on dit*, are nearly dead—but don't believe they'd die if only someone'd invent once more a real cabaret instead of those shouting - and - stamping affairs that seem to be the best most of the *entrepreneurs* can do, with a troupe of summerily-clad "girls" carolling or chirping refrains you can't hear (what luck, p'raps), and not so very much anything else.

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Which reminds me—isn't there an ancient saying about casting not a clout till May be out, or words to that effect? But, anyway, May *is* out now, or nearly, so we can cast as many as we like, *and*, of course, buy, or otherwise acquire, new ones to take the place thereof. Near approach of the Derby next week being good excuse therefore for one—that great contest one touch whereof, as the poet says, makes the whole world kin, or, to quote "G. K. C.'s" latest, the democracy (says he) cares a dam sight more about the inequality of horses than the equality of man. Not to mention Ascot, where we are to wear our parasols once more—painted ones to be in favour again, but in simpler designs, and, of course, the new shoe that's all sole and super-heel and nothing else worth mentioning much.

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And thank Heaven really for *some* old customs and institutions that go on as before, for London does seem to be changing rather terribly and rapidly, what with our new Picc. Circus and Regent Street, and now Park Lane being broken up and flats even being built on that red tennis court where the Duke of Westminster used to give his strawberry tea-parties. And shops, they say, are coming along soon, instead of millionaires' mansions, and ere long the once residence of the super-rich'll be turned into a Bond Street *de luxe*.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette.

"Paper streamers encumber our feet"

CHRYSLER'S FLASHING ACCELERATION CHRYSLER'S SILKEN SMOOTHNESS DO YOU KNOW THE SECRET?

When you press your foot down on the throttle of your car, the crankshaft in the engine begins to fly round quicker and quicker and gives to the car what is known as acceleration. The lighter the crankshaft—the quicker it will accelerate. *A crankshaft therefore must be light!*

If, in order to get the marvellous acceleration of a Chrysler, the crankshaft is made *too* light, it will tend to whip and vibrate under strain. The more rigid the crankshaft—the smoother the engine. *A crankshaft therefore must be absolutely rigid!*

Now see how cleverly Chrysler make their crankshaft both feather-light for flashing acceleration and yet absolutely rigid for velvet smoothness. *They support the crankshaft throughout its length by no less than seven bearings!*

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If you think what happens when you walk along a thin plank supported at each end—you will see at once the point of these seven bearings. The plank will bend, won't it? But if you support it at five other points along its length, giving it seven supports in all, it becomes absolutely rigid.

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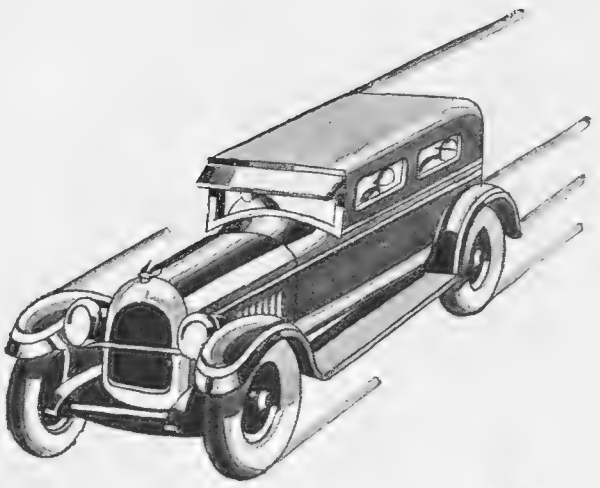
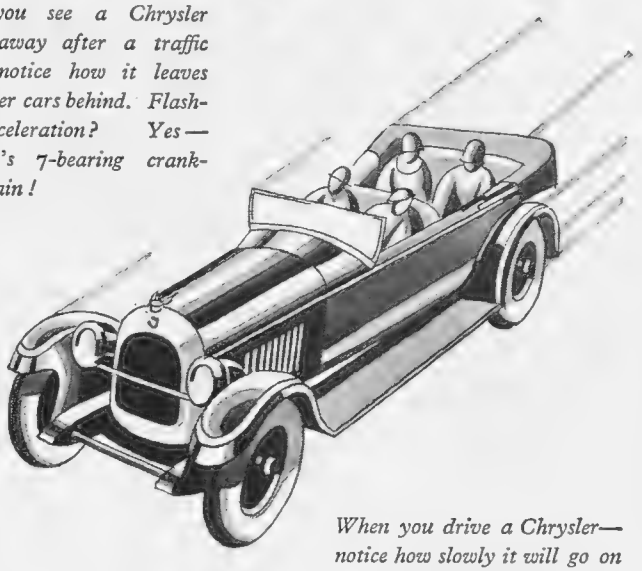
And that is the whole story of Chrysler's famous 7-bearing crankshaft. How simple it seems, once thought of—and yet see what endless joy it gives to owning and driving a Chrysler. What glorious thrilling acceleration! What sweet silken smoothness! Go to a Chrysler dealer and prove this for yourself. Try a Chrysler on the road—without cost or obligation to buy.



When you see a Chrysler getting away after a traffic block—notice how it leaves most other cars behind. Flashing acceleration? Yes—Chrysler's 7-bearing crankshaft again!



When you drive a Chrysler—notice how slowly it will go on top gear and how evenly it picks up from less than walking pace. Hardly ever any need to change gear at all! That's the 7-bearing crankshaft again.

PLAYING THE GAME

By "PENDARVES"

Photographs

OUT DRIVING

Miss Valentine finishing a strong forehand drive whilst playing in the Cirencester Hard Courts Tournament. She won the Ladies' Open Singles

Dennis Moss

A BACKHAND STROKE

Major W. Holmes in action in the final of the Men's Singles in the Cirencester Hard Courts Tournament, which he won. He is one of the Army Doubles Champions

A New Club

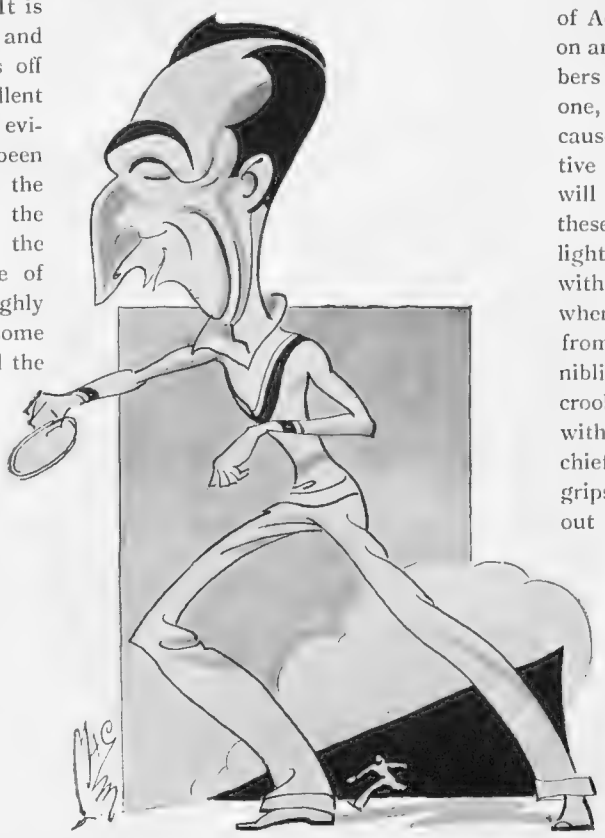
A DELIGHTFUL new golf course has just been opened in a pretty Sussex village called Ifield. It is on the Crawley and Horsham line, and can be reached easily by motorists off the Brighton road. Some excellent brains have been busy here, and evidently a great deal of money has been spent. It will be at its best in the spring and autumn months because the subsoil is clay. But the design of the holes is first-rate, and in a couple of years' time, when it has been thoroughly played over and has settled down, some very good golf will be enjoyed by all the members and a large number of visitors. The club-house and general arrangements are most efficient, and there is an old-world air about the place, typically Sussex, than which one could hardly pay a higher compliment.

Thirty of the leading "Pros" in England arrived here on the opening day, including seven of the Ryder Cup Team for America, and showed several hundred spectators how to play the game. Really these "Pros" are most trying! When you watch about a dozen of them driving from a tee you say to yourself: "Where are all these precepts you continually teach us?" There is none of that "Slow back . . ." etc., etc., that they sing-song at us during lessons. They just put a ball down and slam it out of sight with a nonchalance that is quite irritating. Though, as a matter of fact, they *are* doing all the things they teach—only a bit quicker, because the act of playing the ball is to them just second nature, whereas to us . . . !

Archie Compston, who won the first prize of £75 (over £400 was divided amongst them), comes on to a course he has never seen before; plays round it on a very dry, hard day when the ball is kicking in all directions and the greens are rough from lack of use, and goes round in 73 in the morning and 70 in the afternoon, the bogey being 70. As an American would ask, "What d'yer know 'bout *that*?"

A Good Gadget

GADGETS as an aid to games usually leave me cold—because the *game* is the thing. But at last I have seen the super golf bag, designed by Ritchie of Addington—the best thing of its kind on any golf course. I noticed all the members of the British Team have adopted one, and realised it must be good, because leading "Pros" are conservative as to their own equipment. They will never need to buy another, since these are of leather (though beautifully light), and will last for twenty years, with a most cunning arrangement whereby wooden clubs are kept apart from irons, and irons from mashies, niblicks, etc. The mouth lies flat in the crook of the caddy's elbow—very popular with the latter in consequence—but the chief charms of the bag are that your grips are never rubbed in being taken out and put back, and that the hood does not have to be shoved inside, all the clubs being removed for the purpose, but folds neatly round outside: very ingenious. If I were a golf bag manufacturer with a large stock of ordinary bags I should be exceedingly angry about the "Ritchie" bag!



E. HIGGS By MAC

Our artist's impression of one of our most promising players. Higgs is a leading light in Davis Cup contests as well as open tournaments

The Tennis Fever

EXTRAORDINARY is the grip that tennis has taken upon the

(*Continued on page* 384)

The world round—Black and White is the most popular Whisky.

These are the reasons:—

Black and White is blended with care.
Black and White is smooth and mellow.
Black and White is thoroughly well matured and is consistent.

There is no better Whisky and many a man will tell you there is none he likes so well.

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James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.

RISING TO THE OCCASION *G.P.U.*

Miss V. Lermitte deals vigorously with a ball in the Women's Singles Handicap. She was beaten by Miss E. Gourlay

BACK TO THE GRASS

Some photographs of the Ladies' events in the Surrey Lawn Tennis Championship meeting at Surbiton. This meeting, one of the first of the big Summer events, attracted its usual large entry

Sport and General

A SOUTH AFRICAN "HOPE"

Miss R. D. Tapscott, of South Africa, who met Miss E. R. Clarke in the third round of the Women's Singles. She won by 6—3 6—4

Sport and General

A SMART RETURN

Miss Eileen Bennett in play. In the Doubles she and Miss Ryan beat Mrs. Withington and Mrs. Box by 6—1, 6—3

L.N.A.

SAFELY GATHERED IN

Miss "Bobbie" Heine, the young South African player, goes for a low one in the Women's Singles. She beat Miss P. Saunders by 8—6, 6—4 in the third round

"HOW'S THAT?" G.P.U.

Wright, of Worcester, just fails to get home in time to avoid being run out for 10 in Worcestershire's first innings against Sussex at Hove. The home county registered an easy victory, beating the visitors by an innings and 74 runs

Central News

HOMEWARD BOUND

Ducat, of Surrey, stands not upon the order of his going after skying a ball into the hands of Sullivan, the Glamorgan wicket-keeper, at the Oval. Surrey after a shaky start in the first innings recovered to score 297 runs

Sport and General and Photo Illus.

AN INTERNATIONAL FINAL

Mlle. de la Chaume, the French Champion, and Miss Dorothy Pearson, who met in the Final of the Ladies' Open Championship at Newcastle, Co. Down, last week. The result was a victory for the French Champion, who defeated her opponent by five and four. Miss Pearson, although five down at the start of the second round, put up a very plucky fight

world of games players. I suppose it is now our third national game. And equally remarkable is the form shown by women players all over the country. If you stop the car outside any suburban club and watch the women you will be astonished. The "hit-and-scream" business has gone. Instead you see real style more often than not, and hard, accurate play.

And Wimbledon is looming large in the foreground of affairs, with such a galaxy of masters as the world has never seen before. Miss Helen Wills has arrived with a small collection of no fewer than twenty racquets, so to speak, under her arm. She evidently means business. And Tilden and Hunter, having laid out the Germans and the Belgians, are just getting their eyes in —for us.

By the way, are there any Englishmen who are going to stand up for long against these Americans and Frenchmen and Swedes and—yes, Germans? Tilden says—and he ought to know, having played them both — that Froetzheim and Landmann are masters of the game. We know that Lacoste, Borotra, Cochet and Brugnon are. We hear that if Malmström had not got to work so hard at his business he would be a world-beater in the opinion of the best authorities. The outlook is a bit "needly," to say the least.

Sport and General

A DOGS' DAY AT CARDIFF

Mrs. Holt and Miss Boardman persuade Mr. E. Rea's Irish Setters, "Jim O'Moy" and "Barfield Bitters" to "pose nicely for the camera" at the Cardiff Championship Dog Show. "Jim O'Moy" was 1st and Champion and "Barfield Bitters" won two 1sts and two 2nds

Cheery New Zealanders

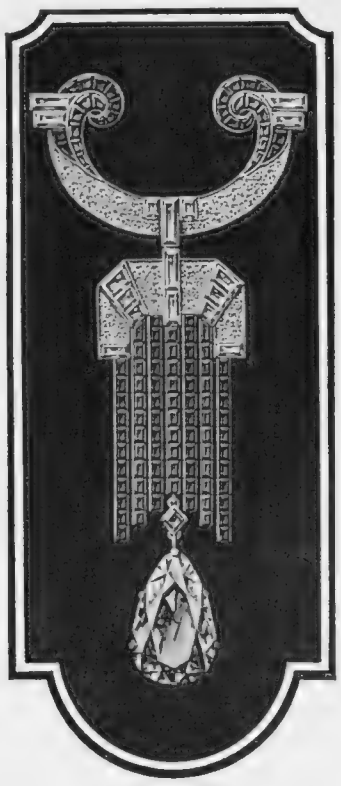
THESE New Zealand cricketers certainly give us bright cricket. 460 and 224 for 4 against the M.C.C. And the latter replied in good old English fashion (is it?) with 392 and 426 for 4. A perfect orgy of hitting we had during those days at Lord's. A topping side to watch, these New Zealanders. When you watch Lowry and Dacre hitting the cover off the best amateur bowling that this country has to offer them you can't help inquiring how long it will be before New Zealand are playing Test Matches against England and Australia? Dacre's innings was one of the most brilliant centuries ever seen at Lord's; and was especially remarkable in that it was this young man's first appearance here. A very good show—reminiscent of "Ranji" at his best. And, as a famous Lord's potentate said to me: "They are such nice fellers in the Pavilion too." PENDARVES.

THE FRESHMEN'S MATCH AT OXFORD

Hills and Saunders

A group of the players in the Freshmen's Match at Oxford. Throughout the match the star of the batsmen was in the ascendant, and N. A. Doggart (Bishop's Stortford and Magdalen) and A. T. Barber (Shrewsbury and Queen's) both made centuries

Fine Jewels at Garrard's



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POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

A Good Soldier Team

I saw several of the ties in the Whitney Cup at Hurlingham and Roehampton last week, and was agreeably impressed with some of the form. The most striking performance of all was the victory of the 17th/21st Lancers over Cowley Manor. On the handicap these sides should have put up a very even struggle. In each case they had an aggregate of 23 points. Cowley Manor comprised four players with excellent reputations in the game, and it was astounding to find them vanquished with such extraordinary ease. The soldier team, which won this tournament last year, was again made up of three subalterns and their new C.O., Lt.-Col. Vivian Lockett, at No. 3. It was not long before the Lancers began to show distinct superiority, and after the third chukker they piled on goals with almost monotonous regularity. The others seldom got the ball into their opponents' half of the ground, and when they did so Col. Lockett and Mr. Forester were invariably there to save the situation and turn defence into attack. In the end the Lancers were left with a victory by 12 goals to nil.

Inter-Army Polo

I do not know when the next matches are to be played between the representatives of the British Army and the United States Army, but I am perfectly convinced that when the date comes round our military polo authorities will be well advised to send out a team composed of officers of the 17th/21st Lancers. No doubt four players of higher handicap than the Lancers' team could be got together, but against this you have to set the fact that the holders of the Regimental Championship are a wonderfully good combination. The younger players of the regiment have been superbly drilled by Col. Lockett and by Col. Melvill, who now holds a military appointment in India. Each man knows his proper place in the game, and, what is more, can get a fine length on the ball. Two series of inter-Army matches have been played so far, and greatly to the surprise of English polo they have been won by the American teams. It is high time that British Army polo should be showing something of its former brilliance. The Army Polo Committee would do well to place every facility in the way of Col. Lockett so that he could go to America with his regimental side.

News Illus.

AT ROEHAMPTON

Señor C. V. Aramayo, who captained the Incas against the 16th/5th Lancers in their tie in the Whitney Cup. This was held at Roehampton

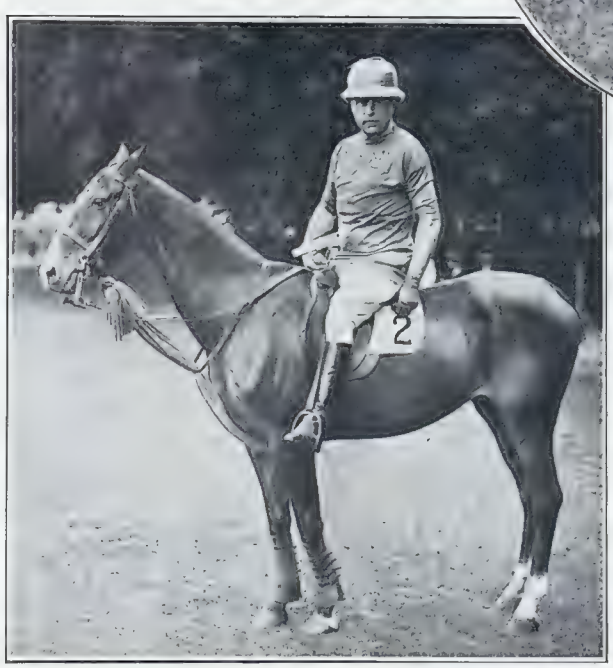
News Illus.

AFTER THE MATCH

Mr. G. R. Tomkin photographed with Mrs. Backhouse after the Whitney Cup tie between the 16th/5th Lancers and the Incas at Roehampton. The Incas won by 8 goals to 4

Tests for the Handicap

The Whitney Tournament serves an excellent purpose in showing up discrepancies in the official handicap list. Some sides prove to be distinctly top-heavy when set to concede a number of goals in this competition. For example, last week Templeton were called upon to give 5 goals to Scopwick. There was not a single period in the game in which they looked like accomplishing their task. On the contrary, taking the match all through, Scopwick had just as much of the play as their opponents, and richly deserved the success they gained by 9 goals to 4. Templeton made something of a spurt in the fifth chukker, but it was all too late to affect the issue. As a fact, the last goal of the match fell to the others after a remarkably good run by Major Dennis Boles.



Sport and General

A PROLIFIC SCORER

Count Jean de Madre, who scored no fewer than six goals in a tie of the first round of the Spring Handicap Tournament at Ranelagh. The Wasps, for whom he played No. 1, were victorious over the Blues by 13 goals to 7

A Young American

An interesting newcomer to English polo was the No. 1 for the Hurricanes in the Whitney Cup. This is young Mr. John Hay Whitney, who inherits his family's talent for the galloping game, and has lately been playing with Mr. Sanford's team in Spain. The son of Mr. Payne Whitney and a nephew of that keen sportsman who has done so much to develop the game in the United States, he has gone from Yale to Oxford. In his own country Mr. Whitney is handicapped at only two points, but it will not be long before he goes appreciably higher on the list. The Whitney Cup reaches its final stage at the end of the week at Roehampton, and, as last season, the issue looks like resting between the 17th/21st Lancers and the Hurricanes. Among the other attractions of the London clubs this week will be the Buenos Aires Cup at Ranelagh, which is open to teams of from 20 to 25 handicap, and is sure to produce much excellent polo. Twelve months ago it was won by Col. Pleydell-Railston's Whatcombe team after a great fight with an Argentine combination in the final.

THE BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL

BY NICK

A Glimpse of the Chassis-Assembly Shop.

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WITHOUT AND WITHIN

By "CANDIDA"

LILAC-TIME again! The lilac in the square has been out quite a fortnight, thanks to this new habit (actually as old as the hills) of anticipating everything. As it didn't have much encouragement from the weather, it must be very modern lilac determined to see what's going on well before its proper time. And it's worth while being precocious in London, where there's so much to see and such crowds from everywhere seeing it. All the shows are on just as usual, and, of course, they're more attractive than ever, because every Season is born "brilliant," just as every fashion in its time is always beautiful. Each year, too, there's a new departure in women, as different from the old as to-day's frock is from yesterday's, though the newness of either may be, and is, caviare to the general, and, unfortunately, not only to the general.

WHAT is she like, this new woman of the new Season? Judging from the without of her, which is always a fair indication of the within, she's exactly as she was last year—only more so. As it's impossible to be more explicit (there being nothing to explain) people rush in with all sorts of reasons. "She's much more feminine," the papers say. Well, she may be, but so far you'll be clever if you see any signs of it. I'm not at all sure myself where this feminine business is supposed to begin or end. The best definition I can think of is that those things are counted most feminine which are too futile and tiresome for a man to consider—such as wearing long, important skirts, for instance, or dusting the drawing-room, or trimming a hat. But even then one can't draw any comfortable line, because some of our best young men have their careers in Bond Street, just as lots of smart young women give advice on stocks and shares. So, if it's to be a feminine year it's evident that it'll not be the sort of femininity we've grown up with. And, at present, it shows so little that a nice man just returned from the back of beyond, where he'd seen nothing for years, remarked indulgently when he saw some of our best, very brief about the skirt and shorn of head: "Well, well, girls will be boys." Even at the Courts some polite cheating is done in secret with flounces of lace and *diamanté* which, for less formal occasions, can be detached from the parent skirt. Why not? To do without one's knees in the world we live and dance in would be stuffily Victorian and impossible.

I DON'T know whether it's the fault of the lilac in the square, which tapers so gracefully from its green stem to its purple tips, but I feel somehow as if we had missed the mark this Season. Nature is discouraging. She's always so easily and exactly right where we, in spite of tremendous efforts, go hopelessly wrong. What masterpiece by *Lelong*, or somebody, even with the prettiest woman inside it, can compare with a newly-sprung flower standing tall and straight in the sun? Even Solomon in all his glory, etc., etc.; and yet, who cares nowadays for the glory that was Solomon's? Perfection doesn't dazzle any more. Its methods are too subtle; its art is Greek to anyone but the artist; it was never less easy to make head or tail of. There's literally no end to the new frocks as shown by the great X, as expounded by the famous Y, as presented by the renowned Z. But it's the same here as it is in art, as it is in literature, as it is in everything. There are too many frocks and not enough idea; too many persons and not enough personality; too many movements and not enough getting anywhere; too much talent and so few masterpieces to show for it.

WHY grumble after all? Ideas were always scarce at any time, and most of us go through life hiding, as best we can, our sorry lack of them. Even the great ones aren't punctually inspired twice or three times a year, though they camouflage their shortcomings so intelligently that we're always taken in. Whenever I go to the dress shows I always marvel at the cleverness which can disguise the same old dish under a wonderfully new sauce, newer and more wonderful every time. But how can I, or anyone else, expect to find a perfectly new way of covering the same old anatomy, especially now that we're so frank about it? Therefore, there's nothing for it but to elaborate the old. To give the really clever ones a chance it's only fair to let them complicate the apparent simplicity of our little frocks, if only to prove that they're cleverer than the rest. It's only fair, even if we've got to pay the bill; it's only fair even if it looks like painting the lily with the best white paint.

AFTER THE WEDDING

Lieutenant Ian Chesborough R. Macdonald, of the Royal Australian Navy, and his bride, Miss Gertrude Courtney Dix, of Melbourne, photographed after their wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mrs. Macdonald is the daughter of Mr. Dix, the Governing Director of Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (Australasia), Ltd.

THE OREADE

A statue of note to be seen in this year's Royal Academy. It is the work of Mrs. Edith M. Gabriel

I SAID that the without is a sure indication of the within. Show me your frocks, and I'll tell you about your soul, and all that sort of thing. But the worst of it is that so much has already been said about that soul, and its lack of this, and its absence of that. Personally, I think that the frock, in spite of its pose of a sincerity it doesn't possess, and a simplicity which is all moonshine, is delightful. So's the soul, or let's say the woman inside it. Eternally young at forty (which with her is only twenty twice over) full of zest and vitality (they call it restlessness in the papers, but you and I know better), so nice to look at, so pleasant to talk to, so easy to live with—what more can a man want in his wife, and incidentally his mother and sisters and the rest of his female relations? He's lucky and he doesn't know it. It's the way of men.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

CAPTAIN LESLIE RICHARDSON'S new book is as charming as its predecessor. *Brittany and the Loire* (Bles: 16*s.* net) can be explored in many ways, but the skipper of the good ship *Sylvabell II* has his own methods. With this auxiliary ketch of his—it seems able to go anywhere and do anything—he cruises about in unaccustomed places, pokes an inquisitive nose into any corner that seems to hold out hopes of showing him something good, keeps a land-car in case of emergency, and in general meets with all sorts of adventures.

In the present book he is to be found round about Nantes and Brest, losing an amateur crew and searching for a professional, culling a little history here and there with a skill that is to be envied; jauntily alive to the beauties of village or *château*, and always ready to prove to you the good time that is in store for the traveller who knows not Cook and his comfortable plans. As usual, too, the book is delightfully illustrated, and we may hope that Captain Richardson, now very deservedly in possession of a French decoration which can be quite useful on occasions, will continue to explore unknown France and tell us how he did it.

❋

IT is just possible that *The Hard-boiled Virgin* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) will annoy you so much that you will throw down the book after reading two chapters. It seems to me, however, that one thing is in Miss Frances Newman's favour. She has certainly evolved a new form of technique. Most novelists are content to tell you either what their folk do or what they think: Miss Newman, very delightfully, though perhaps with rather too much detail, tells you what her heroine does *not* do and what she does *not* think. It is a daring experiment, which I trust will not be widely copied, but it is undeniably interesting, and if you want something new here it is.

A REST ON BOARD

Sir Gilbert Garnsey, K.B.E., F.C.A., Chairman of the Marconi Inquiry Committee, on board the R.M.S.P. Almanzora. He has just returned from a voyage to South America, where he has been recuperating

❋

THE *Rogues and Vagabonds* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's new story, are anything but rogues, but very near to being vagabonds of the most beloved type. They belong, as you expect, to the stage, not, however, to the aristocratically-inclined London stage of to-day, but—for the most part, at any rate—to the provincial stage of the old days when Vincent Crummles and his kind were wont to "carry on" in the face of the most terrifying obstacles. The book is a sketch of theatrical evolution in this country, and it is written in Mr. Mackenzie's best manner.

Of "plot" there is little enough, but you do not notice the lack of it. The book begins in 1829, when old Madame Briano, pyrotechnical expert, gives her daughter Letizia to her unpleasant assistant, Caleb Fuller, and it ends when Letizia's great-granddaughter, a convent-bred "Vanity" girl, marries her peer and becomes the most satisfactory of Countesses. You see the gradual change that is coming to those who go into theatres by the stage door. R. S.

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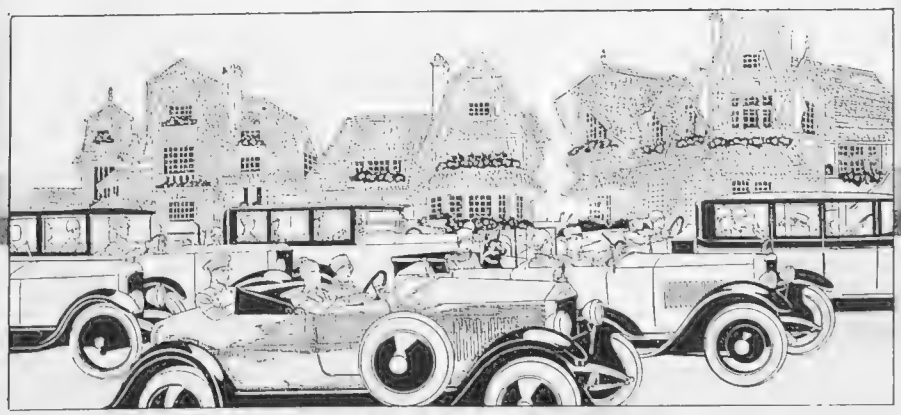

THE DOCTOR'S COCKER

HOME, PLEASE! By "THE KENNELMAN"

GOLDLY considered, simply as a yarn, the fact that it involves no record-breaking may give a chestnutty flavour to the following; but as the Dog lives almost within sight of our own kennels, and the incident occurred no longer ago than last week, it seemed to demand mention.

After living bereaved and Dogless for half a year, our good Dr. S—— acquired a young silver-ticked black Cocker, *ætat* fifteen months, from a kennel far away in Derbyshire. Affable to the whole family, Master Cocker fell in love with the Doctor, and within one week was granted the privilege of occupying the back seat of the car. Late in the evening of the very next day came an unexpected call from a remote farmhouse, 7½ miles distant. Cocker scouted the idea of shirking, albeit snugly established on the hearth-rug. There was a sharp frost that night, and the wind had veered easterly. The last mile and a half of the journey was in and out an intricate maze of rutty lanes, barred in three places by closed gates. After ten minutes upstairs with his patient Dr. S—— heard Cocker making one or two melancholy remarks outside in the car, but was too much preoccupied to give it any heed. The case was serious and tricky, and the better part of two hours had passed before the Doctor felt free to leave.

Then came trouble. Master Cocker was nowhere to be found. There was a coney-infested copse close at hand, and, even worse, a partly uncovered disused well. Two lanterns were lighted, and the farmer helped the Doctor to search. Nothing doing. The farmer promised a more thorough search when daylight came, and Dr. S——, weary as well as bothered, set off for home—7½ miles of a very cross-country type of going. Arriving at last—nearly two o'clock—he found Master Cocker sitting in the porch, chilly and a bit footsore, but with wagging tail and a cheerily welcoming grin.

Pedigree Dogs and their men and womenkind are always and properly interested in the important question of who takes responsibility for their feeding at Shows. "It makes a difference, don't it?" as Gilbert said. So it is satisfactory to learn that Spillers, Ltd., the famous makers of Savaline and Saval, not to mention Osoko and the best of good biscuits, are booked to cater for a long list of the most important Shows this summer.

There are world-famous men and women who don't figure in Debrett, and in the same way you'll find no record in the Kennel Club Stud Book of one who is said to be the most famous Dog in the world: Rin-Tin-Tin, the movie star. An American fancier reports that this wonderful Dog-actor is fed exclusively on the preparation known as Ken-L-Ration—"which surely should place it in the front rank of Dog-foods." American experts call it a perfectly balanced Dog diet, and dealers on this side are doing well with it. One pound sample tins can be had from Messrs. Chappel, 28, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

As a point of interest for owners of big Dogs, it may be stated that horse-flesh is a valuable and excellent meat, rich in proteids. It is important to make very sure of its quality, and to use only fresh, sound flesh from *slaughtered* horses, never from diseased animals. There are slaughterers of good standing (including some who supply Hunt Kennels) who can guarantee such quality. The flesh should be parboiled or lightly roasted, and cut, *not* into chunks, but into *thin* slivers.

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when my young brother-in-law was staying with us (the conscienceless young blighter always borrows my things, from cigars to shaving soap) he actually *put down* my shaving stick, walked out of the bathroom, and came back with a shaving stick of his own. I was amazed. I thought, Well ! there *must* be a difference. So I promptly reversed the usual procedure and borrowed his Williams and I have never used any soap but Williams since. The lather !—it's amazing it lasts right through the shave—and it leaves your face feeling so comfortable. That's what I like about it—no stiffness or starchiness. It *soothes* the skin *and* softens the beard.

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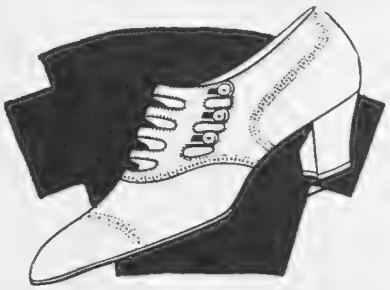

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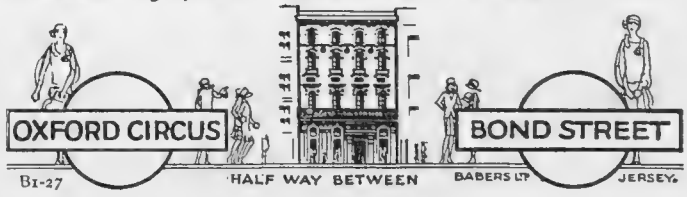


BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BRIDGE CHANCES

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

SOMEONE said that "mathematics is a science in which the teacher does not know what he is talking about and does not care whether it is true."

This, of course, must not be taken too literally.

Mathematical articles on Bridge in which abstruse calculations are worked out to a decimal point are usually boring and convey no definite concrete idea to the average mind.

All the same a certain amount of mathematical knowledge is necessary for good play as skill depends upon an appreciation and application of the laws of probability. It is not necessary to know how many possible hands can be held at Bridge or the correct odds against the occurrence of a Yarborough. But one can never hope to attain to any great degree of excellence if one is ignorant of the normal chances that affect the play of the game.

. . . . . .

A fact that many players fail to realise is that they are bidding on 26 cards—the 13 they see and the 13 which are undisclosed in partner's hand. The reason why so-called forward bidding so often succeeds is that it is based on mathematical probability. Suppose that you hold two Aces in your hand, the chances are almost exactly 9 to 7 in favour of your partner holding a third Ace. When you hold no Aces yourself the chances of your partner are about—

9 to 2 on his holding at least one Ace.
3 to 2 against his holding two Aces.
9 to 1 against his holding three Aces.
110 to 1 against his holding all four Aces.

. . . . . .

An important point is to know something of the probabilities when you hold, say, six of a suit. What is the probability of any other player holding five? The chances are almost exactly 10 to 1 against any other player holding five trumps when you hold six. This, of course, includes your partner's chance of holding five trumps.

It is very useful also to know the approximate value of mere length in a trump suit. Supposing you hold the lowest possible trump length starting from the 2 upwards. The chances are as follows:—

Number held.		Will win.		Times in 100.
6 trumps	...	3 tricks	...	55
7 trumps	...	4 or more tricks	...	75
8 trumps	...	5 or more tricks	...	90
9 trumps	...	7 tricks	...	70

So that if you held Spades—7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, you can calculate that is worth three tricks if Spades are trumps, or Spades—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, are worth seven tricks.

. . . . . .

Then there is the interesting question of a suit going round without being ruffed. Here is a simple table:—

Holding 4 cards the suit will go round once or more 97 times in 100.

Holding 5 cards the suit will go round once or more 95 times in 100.

Holding 6 cards the suit will go round once or more 91 times in 100.

Holding 7 cards the suit will go round once or more 86 times in 100.

. . . . . .

It is absolutely necessary to know what is called the normal distribution of cards. There are ten normal distributions, which may conveniently be divided into two classes.

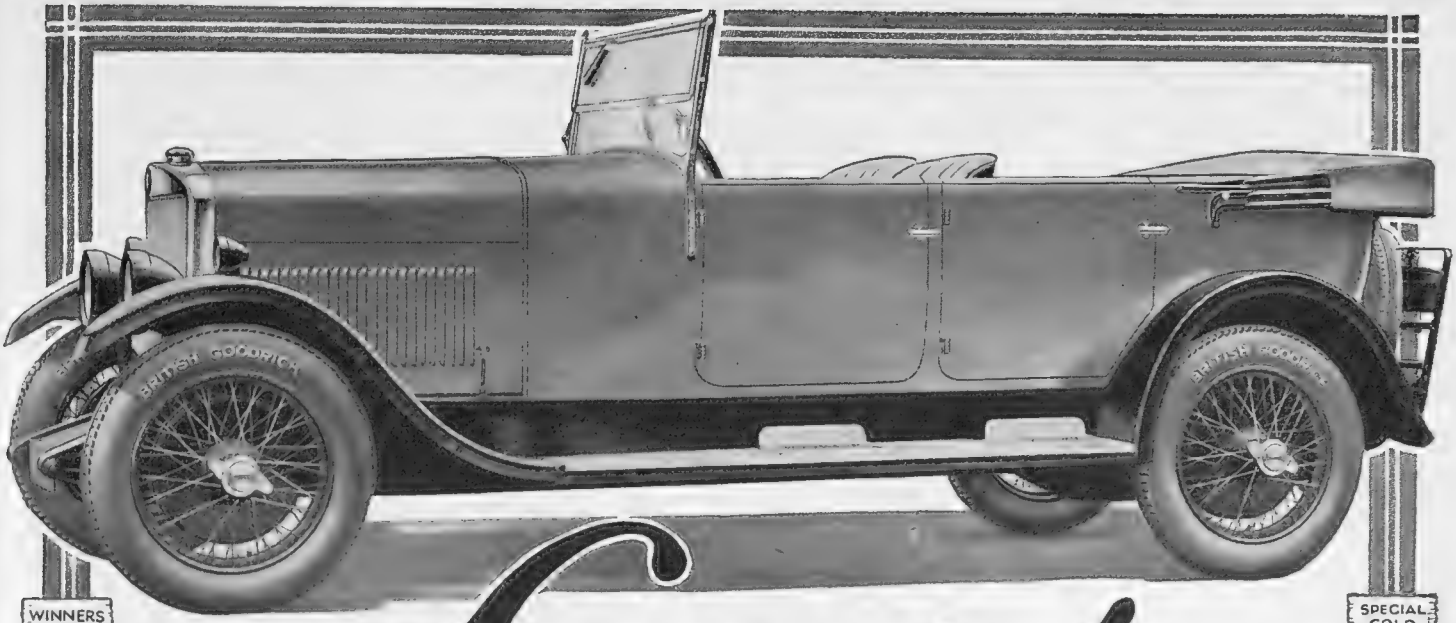
Class A.	Class B.
Type 1. 4-4-3-2.	Type 6. 6-3-2-2.
,, 2. 5-3-3-2.	,, 7. 6-4-2-1.
,, 3. 5-4-3-1.	,, 8. 6-3-3-1.
,, 4. 5-4-2-2.	,, 9. 5-5-2-1.
,, 5. 4-3-3-3.	,, 10. 4-4-4-1.

Class A comprises over 71 per cent. of all possible hands. Class B nearly 20 per cent.

The abnormal distribution aggregating less than 9 per cent. of all possible hands are freaks.

READY FOR A HARE RACING EVENT G.P.U.

Miss Pauline Frederick, the famous film star and popular actress, with four "probable starters" which she entered for the Greyhound Races at Manchester. They were held last week on the Greyhound Track which is as popular with Mancunians as the racecourse



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It is just that little leap of power, as you are passing, that carries you safely and sweetly into your place in a tiresome line of traffic, that gets you home to time.

It is the little pocket of reserve in speed which matches the gay purr of a sweet-running engine, a reserve which you can safely use, for you have the Lea-Francis brakes, miracles of grip and reliability, between you and trouble.

This and more is true of the tens and twelves with their four cylinders. With the new fourteen, the supreme flexibility of the 'six' takes the motorist into a new country of pleasure.

Let us take you out for a spin, let us put you in the driving-seat. But not unless you are ready to become a Lea-Francis owner, for the disappointment of going back to another car would hurt like the very deuce.

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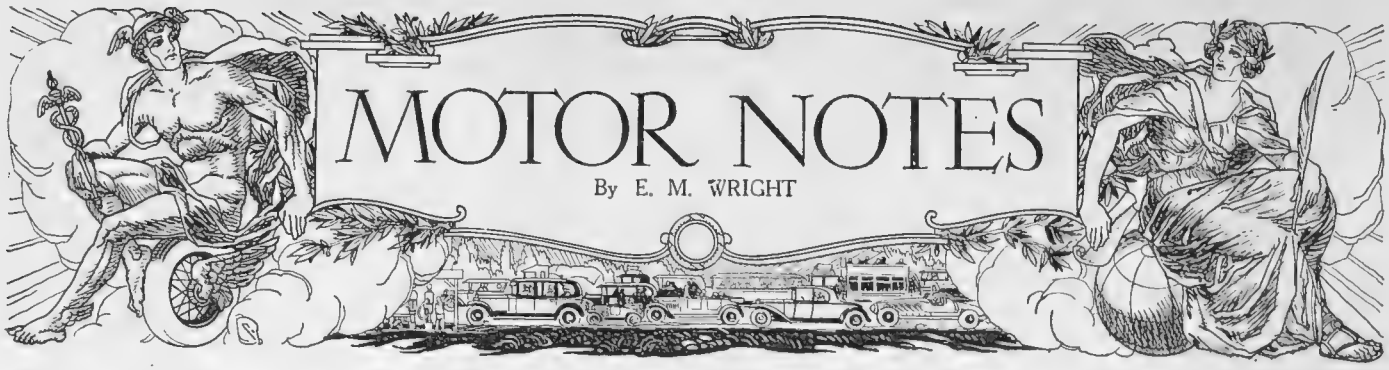
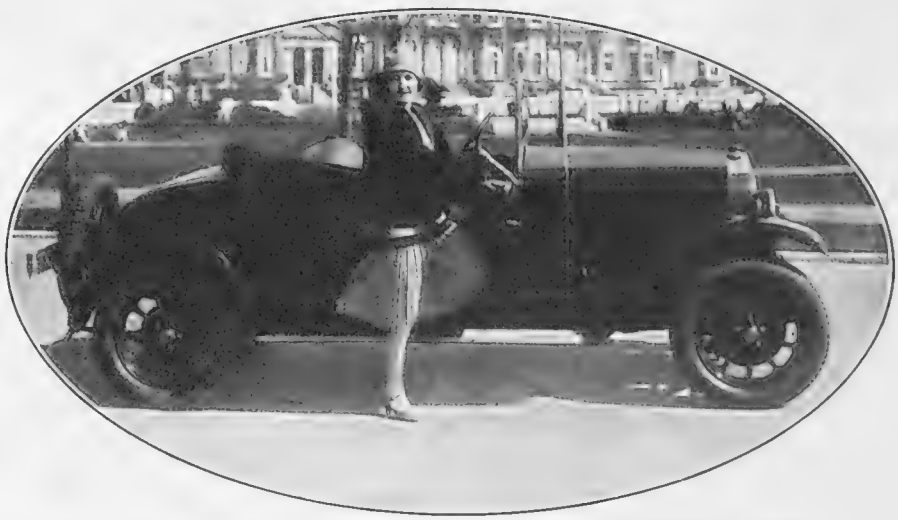


MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

It is usually taken that a four-speed gear box is a valuable talking point, and that the car so equipped is necessarily better than a three-speeder. It should be. Theoretically the more gears the better; the more ratios available, the nearer to that ideal, a gear for every gradient. But the four-speed box is only superior when its ratios are carefully chosen to suit average conditions, and, unfortunately, this is not by any means always the case. A four-speed gear box in which the two middle ratios are close together, or in which first is so low that it is never likely to be used except on the most precipitous of freak hills, is no better than a three-speed box in average country. More than that, it is quite conceivable that some three-speeders can be better than some four-speeders I have in mind the A.C. "Six," which, although priced at £675 (for the five-seater coachbuilt saloon which I have recently been running), has only a three-speed gear box. On this the ratios are, roughly, 5, 7½, and 15 to 1. When a hill is too steep for top gear, you want to be able to slip into the next ratio without losing speed, and, thanks to the fairly high gear of 7½ to 1, and an engine that will live up to it, you can do this on the A.C. On its middle gear over 40 m.p.h. is attainable. Then, when a hill is too steep for this ratio it will be so steep that you will not mind the 100 per cent. drop thence to bottom gear, which in this case is low enough for anything on which wheels will grip.

These remarks might not apply to all cars, because in the A.C. top gear performance is really exceptional. Even with the luxurious saloon (illustrated herewith) the car will do 60 m.p.h. But the best of its many likeable attributes is its ability to stay at 48 to 50 without any undue fuss or noise. The secret of the top gear performance is doubtless the scientific weight reduction applied throughout the chassis, and light weight plus high power is bound to result in a very exceptional performance. On a long tour which I undertook recently this car was put to some very severe tests in maintaining a high average, and came through them with flying colours. I do not care for this particular body, though when pinned down to it the only complaints I could actually formulate are that it has too much head-room and leg-room, this resulting in a slight overhang beyond the back axle, to the detriment of its appearance. And as appearance is only a matter of taste, I may be wrong. Other models of the A.C. are irreproachable in this respect. Its two-seater has been for many years probably the most graceful standard model on the market. The new fabric saloon recently introduced at £650 is also a very strikingly symmetrical body. Certainly in this car Mr. S. F. Edge, who, readers will remember, has just recently purchased the business, has a product that should secure a substantial share of the very large market for refined "Light Sixes."



OFF FOR A DRIVE

Miss Mary Glynne, the well-known actress, photographed with her 2-seater Fiat. This popular 12 h.p. model was supplied to Miss Glynne by the English Motor Agencies Ltd., Southsea

* *
*

Another pioneer trip is to be made across Africa, this time on a 14-40 h.p. Star car, one of our leading British makes. Mrs. Diana Strickland, the driver, is an explorer of considerable note, and authoress of "Through the Belgian Congo." Her route will be across a track never before traversed by either a male or female expedition, and the length of the journey, which is from Dakar, on the west coast, to Cairo, and its obvious dangers in comparatively unknown territories, will call for all the courage and stamina this good lady possesses. The journey will probably occupy five months, and the entire party will consist of Mrs. Strickland and one mechanic. The car carries a light box body of wood, with Cape

AN A.C. AT A PICNIC

A merry picnic party photographed with an A.C. "Six" Saloon amid picturesque surroundings. This handsome model can attain a speed of 60 miles per hour

Once Again 'TRIPLEX' Prevents a Tragedy

Reproduced from the original.

Dear Sirs, LONDON, W.1.
8th April, 1927.

I am writing to tell you of an accident that happened to a car belonging to a client of mine at Stony Stratford on the 28th March.

The car, a 30 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley Landaulette, came into violent head-on collision with a lorry, heavily laden with sugar.

The occupants of the car—the chauffeur and a passenger sitting in the front of the car—luckily escaped with a few minor injuries, but I think it is not too much to say that the severity of the smash was such that, had not the car been fitted with Triplex Glass, very severe if not fatal injuries would have resulted.

The accident certainly demonstrates the wisdom of fitting Triplex Safety Glass.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) FRANK STANLEY

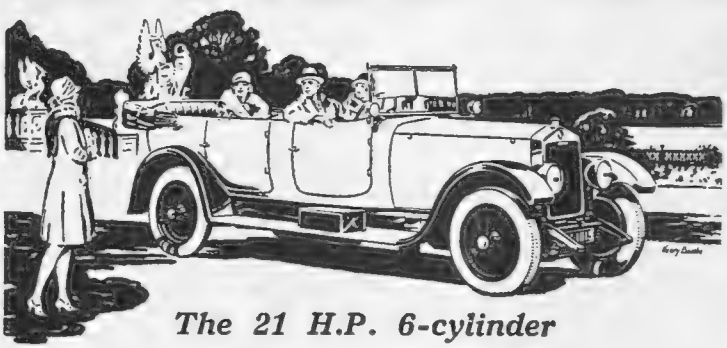
Messrs. Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd.,
London, W.1

Fit "TripleX" and be Safe
(REGD)

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1; *also*
The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America, Inc., 75, West St., New York.

Major SEGRAVE chose K·L·G SPARKING PLUGS for his great record

Pre-eminent among the World's Finest Cars.



The 21 H.P. 6-cylinder Lanchester Touring Car

gives a road performance that is unequalled by any other Car of the same power. It is delightfully simple to drive and economical to run. It will glide along on top gear at any speed from 4 m.p.h. to over 60, and there is not a falter in the acceleration throughout the whole range. The body is designed to allow ample accommodation for each passenger, and, like all Lanchester Cars, it is distinctive in appearance and luxuriously comfortable. A trial run will convince you that there is nothing better to be obtained. Will you make an appointment? Dunlop Tyres standard

Lanchester Cars

Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 95, New Bond Street, London, W.1. 88, Deansgate, Manchester.

Let a British Car reflect your Pride of Ownership.

hood and side curtains. The sleeping accommodation consists of a collapsible driver's seat, which extends the full length of the body, and gives four hair-stuffed squabs or cushions of considerable depth and comfort. External and internal boxes will carry stores, spares, and petrol. Of the latter, the tank carries ten gallons, and fourteen two-gallon cans are accommodated in boxes at the side of the car. Rear mudguards are deleted, and oil lamps supplement the electrical equipment. The dash-board equipment is standard, as is the entire chassis. Dunlop tyres will be used. The route is *via* Northern Nigeria to Lake Chad, through Dar Fut to Khartoum and thence by the Nile to Cairo.

* *
*

THE Italians have always made a lively bid to rival the British manufacturer for building long life into their cars. This applies particularly to the Bianchi Company, who hold the appointment to H.M. the King of Italy. The new company, which was formed last year, has amongst its directors the Earl of Macclesfield, who used to be with Mr. W. R. Morris, Major A. J. Edmonton, one of the M.P.s for Oxfordshire, Sig. G. Tomaselli, the designer of the cars, and Sig. G. Bianchi, son of the founder of the Milan firm. Mr. T. Underwood, who used to be with Talbots, is general manager.

FOR ROYAL USE

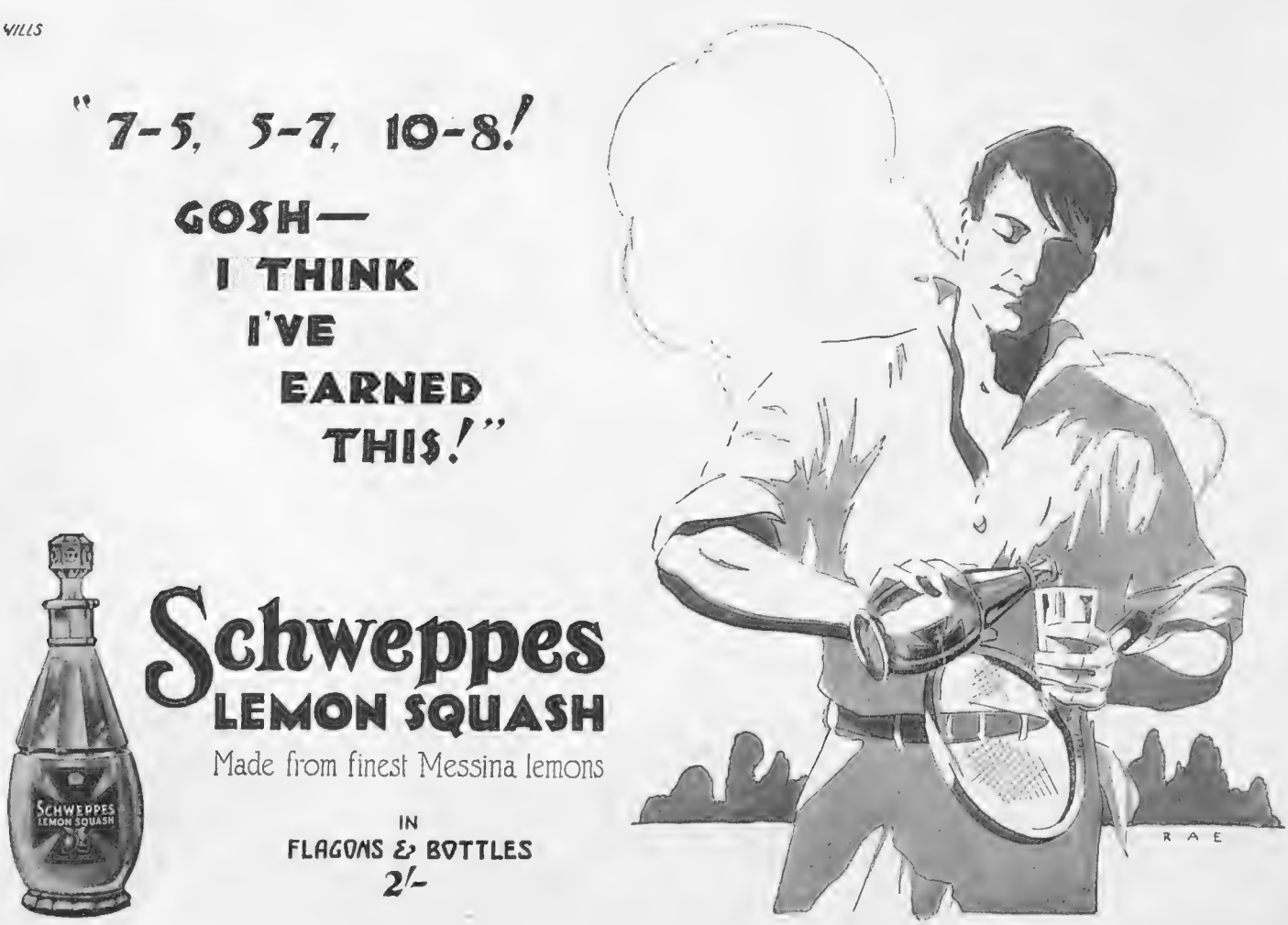
A "Rutland" enclosed drive landaulet, built by the Grosvenor Carriage Company on a 25-70 Vauxhall chassis. This handsome car has been shipped to Mauritius for the use of the Duke and Duchess of York during their visit to Mauritius on their return journey from Australia

THE wonderful stuff built into British cars is well evidenced by a letter the Wolseley people have just received from an owner in distant Toronto. He says he bought a 15-year-old 24-30 h.p. Wolseley from a second-hand dealer outside the town, "and except for a little play in the universal joints the car shows very little sign of wear. Cylinders are scarcely out of round, gears are in fine shape, clutch is good. During last summer I used it for week-end trips in the Ontario bush, which meant some pretty rough going at times." It is his intention this summer to rebuild and change the body to a sports type. He then hopes to add many more miles on to its record. Last year he covered between five and six thousand miles, which, considering the car had been standing outdoors the winter before, and had nothing done to it except decarbonising and cleaning of the magneto, is a good performance.

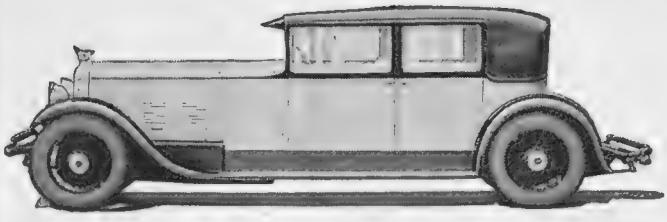
* *
*

UNDER the auspices of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club the following races will be run on Whit-Monday, June 6, starting at 1 p.m. The distances given are approximate:—The Short Handicaps, 5¾ miles; the Long Handicaps, 8½ miles; the Winners' Handicap, 5¾ miles; the Gold Star Handicap, 25 miles. The first prize for the 100 m.p.h. Short Handicap will be the Brooklands Gold Vase, value £100.

E. M. WRIGHT.



The NEW SAFETY STUTZ



The Safest and Most Advanced Car in the World

MANY people are looking for a car—distinctive in appearance, with increased luxury—greater safety—and a real performer on the road—we have it.

Straight eight Safety Stutz, America's car de luxe and the world's safest car. Unparalleled stability due to lowest centre of gravity, hydrostatic 4-wheel brakes, instant acceleration, speed up to 85 m.p.h. Safety Glass and many other exclusive features—prices from £995.

Warwick Wright Ltd.

150 New Bond Street, W.1.
Mayfair 2904

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Wakefield Castrol

is used by all who achieve outstanding feats of speed, reliability and endurance.

The unique lubricating properties which dictate this unanimous choice will enable *your* engine to give of its best. With quality irreproachable, proved irrefutably, there is no wonder that Wakefield CASTROL is recommended by over 200 Motor Manufacturers.

Although an Aristocrat, Wakefield CASTROL will mix with other brands of oil, but naturally 100% CASTROL gives best results. For economy order a drum (sent carriage paid to your door), or on the road buy from the Wakefield Branded Cabinets at our recommended price of **1/6** for a quart of Castrol "CW" or "AA," or **1/10** for CASTROL "XL".

The quality of the lubricant you use can make or mar the running of your car. Make sure of satisfaction therefore by insisting on—

WAKEFIELD Castrol Reg'd. MOTOR OIL

In Sealed Tins or Drums — From Branded Tanks

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD.
All-British Firm *Specialists in Motor Lubrication*
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Little Peter Pyrene's Car Fire Talks.

"I'll save them from FIRE wherever they go"!

"Because of my presence, hundreds of Cars are saved from FIRE—and their Owners from the inconvenience of being stranded miles from anywhere. Fit me on your footboard to-day. I'm always ready for the emergency."

Get yours from your Dealer To-day.

Pyrene TRADE MARK
Fire Extinguisher
KILLS FIRE SAVES CAR

Write for Folder "Car Fires Illustrated."
THE PYRENE COMPANY, LTD.,
9, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
Telephone: Victoria 8592 *Telegrams: Pyrenextin, Sowest, London.*
Branches: SHEFFIELD, GLASGOW, BELFAST.

Made in our own London Works.

Buy with this Guarantee Label only.

For the Sea Voyage

For the first few days, wind, sun and sea spray will produce a tired feeling on the skin, often resulting in distinct damage to the complexion. If you are wise you will provide yourself with one or two bottles of "*4711*." When possible pour a few drops in the wash-basin and give the face and neck a gentle rinsing. It will relieve the tired skin and restore it to its normal freshness and beauty. After an attack of mal de mer a few inhalations will quickly and effectively dispose of any after-effects.

When purchasing Eau de Cologne insist on "*4711*" with the Blue and Gold Label, then you are assured of this genuine Eau de Cologne with a reputation of nearly 150 years for absolute purity, guaranteed strength and unrivalled fragrance.

Of all Dealers in High-class Perfumes

2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 14/-, 15/-, 30/- & 56/- per bottle

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

By THÉRÈSE

Royal Garden Parties

EACH successive Season brings with it a predominating colour. This year soft pastel shades are the fashion, and amongst them beige seems to reign supreme. The Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace will afford, as always, a perfect background and opportunity for the display of some of the beautiful gowns that have been designed for this Summer. Those honoured with a Command to attend these functions are aware that any extreme in dress will not be regarded with favour. The Queen personally sets a keynote of dignity that is expressed in Her Majesty's gowns, and which is achieved without the blight of dowdiness. There are still a number of people who make the mistake of imagining that to convey the appearance of dignity they must wear dowdy-looking clothes. The sight of the Queen at a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace should be more than sufficient to dispel this illusion once and for all, for Her Majesty, whilst always preserving her regality of mien, may yet with truth be described on these occasions as the most perfectly and tastefully gowned woman present.

PICTURESQUE AND SMART HATS

At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. A picturesque-looking Garden Party hat, suitable for a débutante, in lime-green crinoline is sketched on the left. The model on the right is for an older woman, and is fashioned in the popular Buntal straw

The Vogue of the Sleeve

SLEEVES which, owing to the craze for sleeveless gowns, have been somewhat neglected, are once again receiving attention. Woolland Brothers have made the sleeve a predominating feature this Season in many of their model afternoon gowns. I saw one particular model in their showrooms, which is sketched below, which was of beige georgette over jap silk of a corresponding shade. The sleeves were bell shape, cut open to display a glimpse of the wearer's arm, and the wide bell cuffs were embroidered in a shell pattern in *appliqué* of chain braid, interlaced by narrow bands of the georgette. Long scarf ends formed the collar, which could be worn in a diversity of ways, thus lending variety to the dress.

TWO BEAUTIFUL MODEL GOWNS AND SUNSHADES

Sketched at Messrs. Woolland Brothers Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W. The embroidered sleeves and long scarf collar are original features of the model gown depicted on the right. The two-piece gown, sketched on the left, of beige georgette, with an accompanying georgette sunshade to tone, hand-painted in a floral design and lined jap silk, is especially attractive for Garden Party wear

Sketches by Renée Maude

Smart Two-piece Models

OF the two-piece models, that are very popular this Season for smart afternoon and garden party wear, there was another charming beige creation in the favourite georgette, which is sketched below. An original trimming, in a design of leaves, was introduced on the skirt, and again on the collar and wide sleeves of the coat. One most attractive model I saw there was of reseda georgette, the long tunic bodice having a novel smock effect produced by flat pleats sewn with silver thread. A georgette model in deep mushroom colour had one of the new wide belts, fastened at the left hip with a paste and mushroom-coloured ornament. An effective *line* was given to this gown by scalloped frills that descended from the left shoulder to the waist. Some of the smartest of this Season's models have their trimming introduced wholly on the left side of the gown.

Original Sunshades

I SAW some most original sunshades displayed at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W. One especially attractive was of black georgette, the wires being covered with similar material. A large flame-coloured georgette rose was poised across one side. The latest sunshades have slender sticks, with the handle tip pen-painted in various shades, and the tassels, instead of being loose to become entangled in the wires, are drawn through

AN ORIGINAL MODEL IN DINNER SUITS

That favours the Georgian Era, and is intended for the ultra-modern girl with the Eton crop. Designed and executed by The British Celanese Ltd., and carried out in black celanese marocain

an opening in the handle blade, and knotted on either side. Another unique sunshade, and one particularly suitable for a country garden party, was in mauve artificial silk straw, closely resembling the moss stitch in design, and with a pen-painted handle. This model is obtainable in various shades.

Model Hats

No woman need look uniform this Season in the matter of her *chapeaux* unless she so desires. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, who make a speciality of designing original hats, have some most attractive models. One sketched on page xiii is suitable for a *débutante,* and is in lime-green crinoline, with a bunch of green convolvulus flowers resting on the down-drooped brim, and against the wearer's hair. The other model sketched is for an older woman, and is fashioned in black buntal straw, varnished, and lined underneath with a broad band of dull rose corded silk. A bunch of shaded mauve and rose flowers is placed on the crown.

Smart Hats for the Middle-aged Woman

Harvey Nichols make a speciality of designing hats for the unshingled and middle-aged woman. One such model, in black pari-buntal straw, had a novel drapery of lace around the crown that made a most becoming and softening frame to the face. There was another most attractive-looking model, composed of tulle embroidered in pedal straw, a combination that conveyed the appearance of lace; a butterfly bow of lace was poised on the front of the crown.

Uncommon Models in Felt

There were some most original felt models. One, in particular, had its crown of black felt, and its brim composed of beige net, *appliquéd* in a design of leaves, but so cleverly executed that even the delicate veining and tracery of the leaves were visible. A delightful model in crinoline displayed a wreath of glossy "honesty." The designers had taken the real flowers, and shelled, treated, and dyed them. In the Model Gown Department at Harvey Nichols I saw one beautiful two-piece model, that had been designed in their own workrooms, and which would be perfect as a garden party frock. The material was hyacinth-blue georgette, the dress being accordion-pleated throughout, and the long coat embroidered around the hem in a *broderie anglaise* design in beige lace and organdi. This embroidery was further introduced with effect on the sleeves.

A Novel Dinner Suit for the Eton-cropped Girl

With the establishment of the Eton-cropped girl arose the necessity for a harmonising costume, for the georgette dance frock, no matter how attractive, is hardly suitable. The British Celanese, Ltd., have designed and executed the novel dinner suit reproduced on this page, and which is distinctly akin to a gentleman's Court suit. The material utilised is black celanese marocain, the skirt being cut in the fashionable and becoming wrap-over style, so that when the wearer is standing, or walking, she appears to have a perfectly cut, straight hanging skirt. But, if she so desires, she may display a pair of attractive-looking knee breeches with paste buttons. These buttons reappear on the ivory waistcoat, where a lace *jabot* and fob of mother-of-pearl and paste provide a Georgian touch, in quaint contrast to the ultra-modern design.

A Smart Sports Outfit

The sports outfit pictured is for quite a different type of girl. The material is celanese *crêpe* marocain, the skirt ivory stitched with geranium colour; the coat being of geranium, with black collar and belt. The British Celanese achieve their exquisite colourings by dyeing their own materials, and their

(Continued on page xvi)

AN EFFECTIVE SPORTS OUTFIT

Carried out by The British Celanese Ltd., and executed in ivory and geranium, with touches of black introduced at the collar and belt

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN

Smart Hats for Summer wear

Model Millinery Department Second Floor.

PICTURESQUE HAT in Tuscan straw, trimmed mixed wreath of currants and roses. *Price* 6½ *Gns.*

Cannot be sent on approval.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

(Debenhams Ltd.)

WIGMORE STREET (CAVENDISH SQUARE), LONDON, W.1

DAINTY KNITTED WEAR FOR YOUNG LADIES

Sent on approval.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SUIT in Stockinette. Jumper in wool and rayon finely striped in two colours. Pleated skirt, of fine wool to tone. Cardigan of plain wool with triped border to match jumper. In scarlet, mauve, green, rust, saxe, rose. Sizes 24" to 34". Length from shoulder to hem.

Price for Jumper Suit **45/-** to **59/6** according to size.

Price for Cardigan, 15/- to 25/- according to size.

Girl's Milanese Dress. Attractive design, with smocking at waist and shoulders. Shades: lupin, sahara, sunrise, cedar, biskra, almond, foxglove, and white. Sizes 30 to 36 inches.

PRICE **55/- to 63/-** according to size.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

HE SAYS THEY HAVE ALWAYS USED IT

Scott, that ruddy and genial soul of the 'Cheshire Cheese,' says:

" . . . yes, it's forty-three years I've been serving the famous pudding at the 'Cheese,' but Lea and Perrins sauce was an old friend here when I came.

Far be it from me to say the pudding could be improved, y'know, but—well, when a man says to me, ' . . . and Lea and Perrins, please,' I respect him as a man who knows what a really good pudding deserves!"

E. J. Scott.

To insist on Lea & Perrins is to make it clear you appreciate the finer shades in cooking

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

1/- and 1/9 a bottle

designers are constantly studying effects and striving to produce new and unique colour schemes.

A New Shade

ONE advance shade, named "Russet," in celanese marocain, is shown in a beautiful three-piece costume. It is almost impossible to convey in mere words the wonderful *sheen* of this material, and the rare tint of the russet, that combines the particular bloom of the russet apple and the shadings of the leaves and the earth. A most effective colour for summer wear is the rose-shaded rhododendron. One model, executed in this shade, had the jumper bodice most exquisitely embroidered in contrasting colours in a design that conveyed the illusion of lacework. Altogether the range of colours was unique, and a feather in the cap of British industry.

IN FINE FEATHER

Henry A. Lytton, the famous Savoyard, seen in the centre, with two Sarcee chiefs after being elected chief Running Wolf during a visit to Calgary. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. have enjoyed a wonderful success in Canada

In Spain

During the recent stay of the Prince of Wales and Prince George in Spain they paid a visit, accompanied by General Primo de Rivera, to the bodegas of the British firm Gonzalez, Byass and Co. at Jerez, and the great blending bodega of the Marquis de Terre Sáto, one of the firm's directors. After the inspection of the sherry and brandy cooperage and bottling departments the Royal party took tea in the Concha, one of the Gonzalez bodegas. A sampled cask was then dedicated to King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, and both Princes signed butts of their respective vintage years, which were dedicated to them.

Holidays in the Highlands

There are few parts of the Scottish Highlands as beautiful as the high valley of Strathspey, and few which offer such varied facilities for sport and recreation. It is with this in mind that the management of the Aviemore Station Hotel have perfected their arrangements for the accommodation of visitors. The hotel itself has been planned to reproduce the comfort and attractions of the best country houses, and it possesses facilities for golf, fishing, tennis on grass, and hard courts and croquet. It is within easy reach of the peaks of the Cairngorm Mountains, which can be climbed in a day's excursion from the hotel. Full particulars may be obtained from the Manager, Aviemore Station Hotel, Aviemore, Inverness-shire.

THE KING'S AVENUE

A view in the grounds of Messrs. Gonzalez, Byass and Co., at Jerez

For Summer Holidays

For the benefit of summer visitors to the Swiss Alps and Italian Lakes, the P.L.M. Railway Company have arranged for a through coach to run from Calais to Milan via Lausanne, Montreux, Pallanza, and Stresa. This coach, which provides 1st and 2nd class seats, is running in connection with the 11 o'clock service from Victoria.

YARDLEY'S
Old English
LAVENDER

THERE is no Lavender with quite the same lovable fragrance, no other with just the same irresistible appeal to women of charm and elegance who cherish it as a perfume and delight in its incomparable freshness.

When you are hot and tired and headache threatens, a little sprinkled on your handkerchief and applied to the temples and forehead will give such a wonderful sense of coolness and reinvigoration.

In the sick room it is invaluable.

Per bottle from 3/- Decanters from 21/-

The Yardley Perfumery also includes

Lavender Soap (The Luxury Soap of the World), box of three tabs - - - 3/-
Face Powder - - - - - 1/9
Talcum Powder - - - - - 1/2

OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS, & STORES

YARDLEY 8 New Bond St. LONDON

PARIS: 24 Avenue de l'Opéra

The Lovable Fragrance

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN OUR £200

The Editor of THE BYSTANDER offers to readers the sum of £200 for the correct forecast of the two winners of the

DERBY and OAKS "DOUBLE"

and the starting price of the winner of the Derby.

Conditions of the Competition

1. Competitors must make each entry on the coupon to be found on page 3 of the cover of this issue.

2. Any number of entries may be made, but each must be sent in on a separate and completely filled-in coupon.

3. Coupons must be enclosed in an envelope marked DERBY & OAKS DOUBLE in the top left-hand corner and addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER, 6, Great New Street, E.C.4, and must reach this office not later than the first post on Tuesday, May 31.

4. No alterations may be made on the coupons sent in.

5. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to the Competition will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to it.

6. The official starting price of the Derby winner will be that returned in the "Racing Calendar."

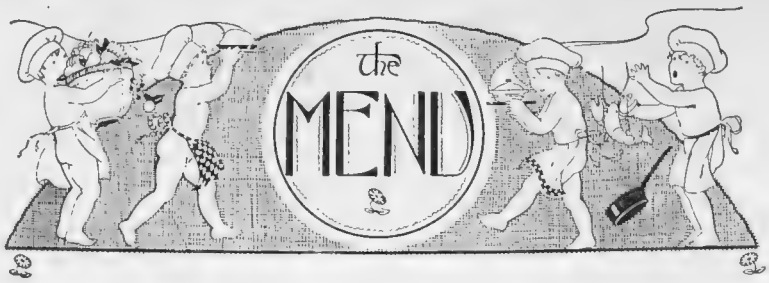
7. In the event of more than one forecast being correct the prize will be equally divided.

8. If no correct entry is received, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the entry which is most nearly correct in the opinion of the Editor. If this qualification applies to more than one entry, the prize will be equally divided among the senders.

9. No employee (or the relations of any employee) of THE BYSTANDER or its associated papers is eligible for the Competition.

CLOSING DATE

Tuesday, May 31, 1927



A VARIETY OF SALADS

SALAD OF ASPARAGUS SPRUE.
A FISH SALAD.
GRAPE-FRUIT SALAD.
CAULIFLOWER SALAD.
TOMATO AND BANANA SALAD.

Salad of Asparagus Sprue

HAVE four bunches of asparagus, small and green, break off all the tender parts, wash them well, and tie in small bunches. Boil the water, putting in salt and very little soda; then put in the thick pieces first and let boil for ten minutes, then add the rest and boil until quite tender. As soon as they are cooked place them in cold water for a minute only, let them dry well, and put them in the bowl in which they will be served. Have the dressing ready made as follow:—Half a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of pepper, one tablespoonful of salad oil, half a teaspoonful of Tarragon or wine vinegar; mix well together, and pour the dressing over the asparagus, turning carefully with a fork so as not to break them. Serve when quite cold, with cold *entrées*. It is very good with cold chicken or quail.

A Fish Salad

Take some cooked fish, such as boiled sole, turbot, or brill. Separate the flesh from the bones. Skin and flake it. Peel three tomatoes, and cut them in small pieces. Mix with the fish, adding also three or four minced anchovies, a hard-boiled egg—finely minced—and a cupful of boiled rice. Make a sauce of the yolks of two eggs and oil, added a drop at a time. When thick enough work in vinegar to taste, with salt, pepper, and a spoonful of thick cream. Serve the fish surrounded with a lettuce salad, and pour the mayonnaise over the top.

Grape-Fruit Salad

Remove carefully in sections with a fruit knife the pulp from two or three grape-fruits. Wash, trim, and drain on a cloth a lettuce. Arrange the leaves of the lettuce neatly on a dish and place on the leaves the sections of grape-fruit. Have ready a salad dressing composed of three parts of olive oil, one part of lemon-juice, with salt and pepper. Mix carefully, pour over the salad, and serve.

Cauliflower Salad

Boil a cauliflower in salted water until it is tender; when cold cut it into neat sprigs. Beat together three tablespoonfuls of oil and one tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar, with pepper and salt. Rub the bowl slightly with a raw onion, arrange the pieces of cauliflower in it, strew over them some capers, a little Tarragon, chevril, and parsley, all finely minced, and a pinch of thyme and marjoram powdered. Pour the dressing over just before serving.

Tomato and Banana Salad

Plunge 1 lb. of tomatoes in boiling water and then slice them. Skin the bananas (three large ones) and cut them in slices. Arrange them alternately with the tomatoes. Sprinkle pepper and salt over them. For the dressing use the yolk of a hard-boiled egg to a gill of cream.

EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER
6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. *Telephone:* **Central 7511**
SUBSCRIPTION RATES

For 12 months (*Including Christmas Number*)		For 6 months		For 3 months	
U. K.	£3 3 0	U. K.	£1 11 6	U. K.	15s. 0d.
CANADA ..	£3 1 0	CANADA ..	£1 10 6	CANADA ..	15s. 3d.
ABROAD ..	£3 7 6	ABROAD ..	£1 13 0	ABROAD ..	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

Chivers' Jellies

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices

Chivers & Sons, Ltd., *The Orchard Factory*, Histon, Cambridge.

Something NEW!
Something NICE!!
Very, Very NICE!!!
"IT"
PÂTE DES GOURMETS
A new Savoury Paste made by
BURGESS & SON
(of Anchovy fame)
Get your Grocer or Stores to supply you and you will ask for more.

Gentlemen - your linen

We invite Gentlemen who are particular about the redressing of their linen, to write for our Brochure
LINEN BY POST.
It explains our service and the methods we employ to produce perfect work.

SINCLAIRS'
DISTINCTIVE LAUNDERERS.
Homecroft Road, Wood Green
LONDON. N.22.
Our vans collect and deliver in many parts of London.

HENRY HEATH LTD
105-107-109 OXFORD ST., W.

"RAMBLER" (Regd.)

This Hat can also be obtained from our Provincial Agents. A selection of Hats will be forwarded upon request.

A very popular model built on stylish lines in the finest quality fur-felt, introducing the short brim at the back. Trimmed with self galloon band and binding. Stocked in all the Season's newest shades. 30/-
Sizes: 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼, 7½.

Look inside the Hat for the registered Trade Marks.

Writ for Illustrated Catalogue.

T.O. 178

T.O. 173

We pay Carriage and C.O.D Fees within the British Isles

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
Established 1766

ARTIFICIAL SILK LINGERIE

T.O. 178. Art. Silk Vest and Knickers, **6/11** each; Super Art. Silk Milanese Vest and Knickers, **15/11** each: Art. Silk Milanese Camibockers, **19/11** each. Vests are stocked in Pink, Sunrise and Ivory. Knickers and Cami-bockers in all fashionable shades.

T.O. 173. Nightdress in extra fine quality Artificial Silk, trimmed with net lace. An exquisite garment perfectly cut and finished. In special shades of Pink, Blue, Maize, Apple, Peach.

Price 19/11

CHILD'S PRETTY SMOCK

in White Haircord Muslin, with smocking in Saxe or Cherry and collar and cuffs to match. Splendid for children as it will wear and wash well. For boy or girl Sizes 16, 18, or 20 inches. Measurement from centre of neck.

15/11

Frocks for the Débutante

K.A. 112 (Sketched on right).
A very distinctive Frock for the young lady, carried out in silky Marocain of good quality. The bodice is composed of small tucks and the pleated skirt gives a charming finish. Suitable for day or afternoon wear. In Navy, Saxe, Rose, Beige or Black. S.W. 79/6

K.A. 113 (Sketched on left).
A charming Afternoon Frock of reversible Cotton Crepe, artistically embroidered. The skirt is prettily gauged at waist. In Red, Helio., Blue, Green or Brown. S.W 35/9

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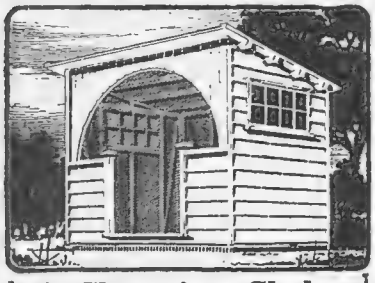

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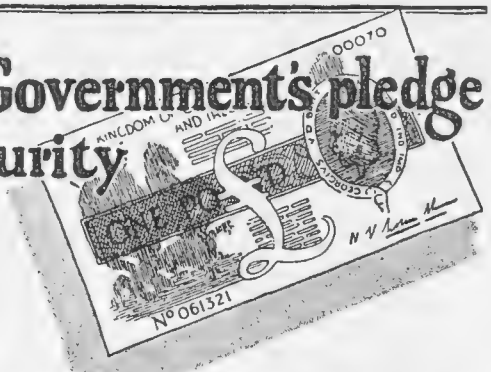

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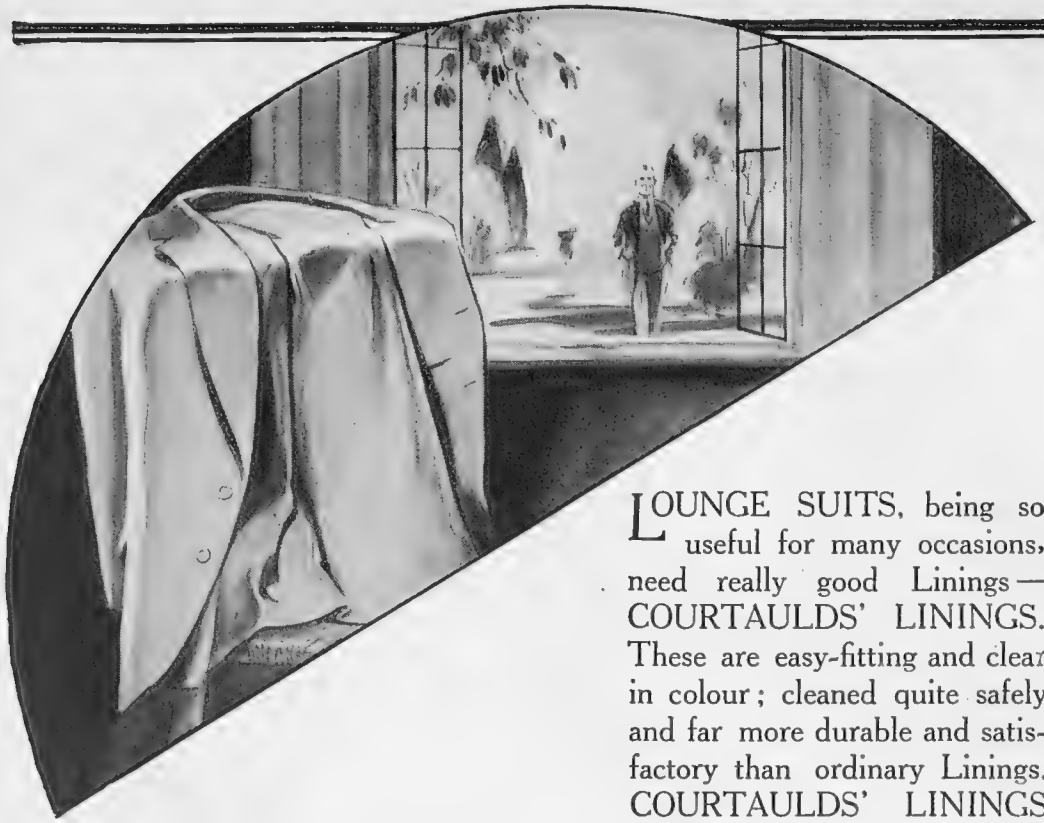

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6/11 per pair. 3 pairs for 20/-
Also in all silk lace clox,
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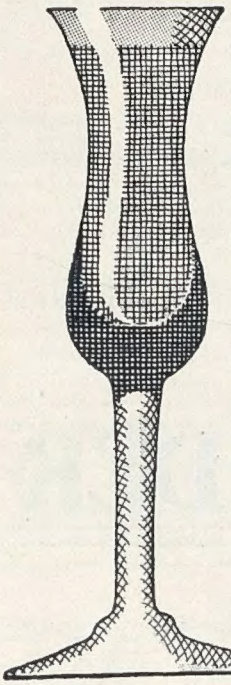

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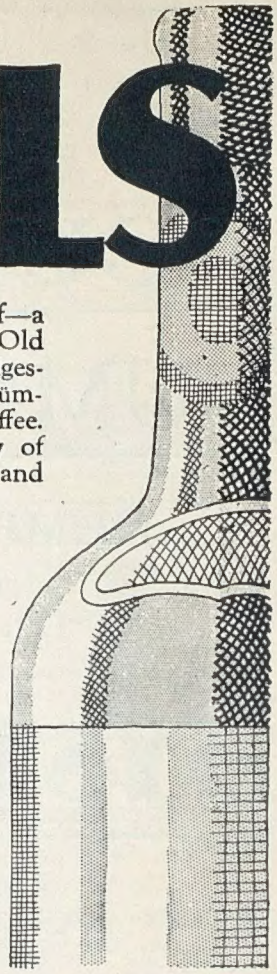

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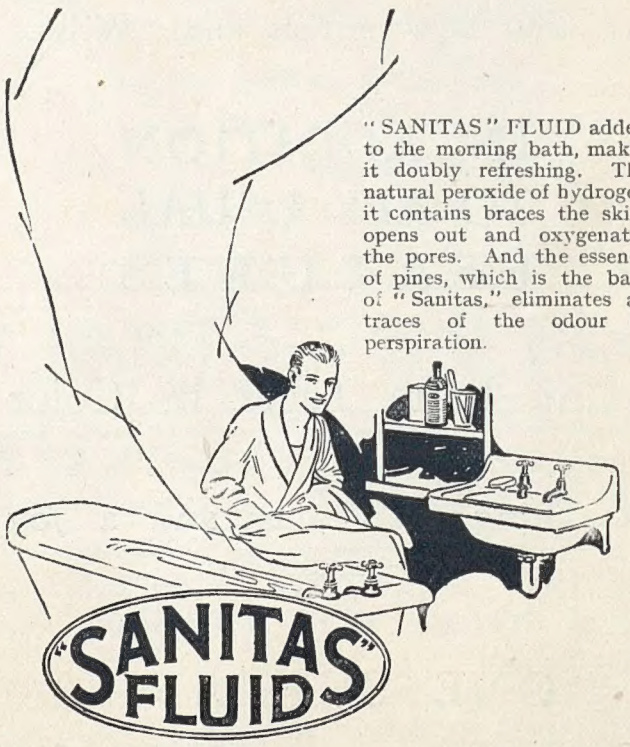

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